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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Since Parliament rose there has been time to make some study of Mr. Lloyd George's land clauses as they appear in print. People are waking to the real nature of this plan. Beyond all doubt the idea is to smash the land system throughout the country, and to do so by stripping the owners and heirs. Their land is to be indirectly taken from them by their money being directly taken. There are many politicians in England who heartily and even conscientiously hate the landed classes; and who think—and tell it to one another—that the income of this class ought in the public interest to be severely cut down and that its land should be taken away and divided up among the poor and the labouring classes. Probably there are several of these people on the Treasury Bench now, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Lord Advocate for Scotland. Some years ago Mr. John Burns probably held the same view, but he has changed. Forty Ministerial thieves might easily be put together in the House itself, indeed eighty, but to-day he would not join them.

The hateful thing is that none of these people on the radical benches will admit straight that he holds this view. Mr. Snowden and Mr. Grayson and Mr. Will Thorne conscientiously believe in this plan of taking away, in the name of the common weal, a man's things by law, and they boldly speak or write it. There is logic or brass about the socialist party, which is sadly to seek just now amongst the radicals. The attitude of the liberal or radical when the landowners point out that they will be cruelly hit by these Budget proposals is a nasty evasive, sneering, slinking one—"You splendid paupers in land thought you were going to be ruined by Sir William Harcourt's duties: we are getting used to your outcry: you'll have

more than your share left after you have paid all these terrible taxes!" Another disingenuous line of reply is to try to prove to the landowners how far better off they are here than they would be in Austria or Sweden or somewhere else. There is not a radical of note and not a radical paper with the pluck to say straight out—"We believe the present system is a bad system; we want to break up the land into small parcels; and we hold that we are quite justified in doing it by this convenient method".

A particularly cruel thing about this plan to smash the landed class in England is the time at which it has come. At last, after thirty years of depression, farming has really begun to recover. Many tenants are doing well once more. We heard one of the Marquess of Ailesbury's Wiltshire tenants say the other day that the farmer was now in a happier way than the landlord. If the land were only left alone by the radicals for a few years, there would be a great improvement all round. Landlords have not yet begun to get their fair share of the recovery. But, clearly, they would before long; they would be able to live more on their estates and lay out more money, and all country classes would reap the benefit—the workers, the country tradesmen, and the professional men. It is at this time that the Government propose to step in and spoil the whole thing. There is something malign in the way the Government have chosen their moment to strike.

There comes for every self-made statesman the beautiful, affecting day when he revisits the village school where he learnt his A B C and the village green where he played at counsellors and kings. We have noticed the schoolmaster is always obligingly alive when the great man turns up. Nothing is changed; and, as M. Loubet once exclaimed, the very paving-stones seem to know him. In Wales there is not only the village schoolmaster but the village smithy to welcome him. Mr. Lloyd George went through the usual business this week when he visited his native village in Carnarvon. He laughed when he remembered his little finger getting in the cog-wheel at the blacksmith's shop whilst playing at politics. We fancy he may find some painful cogwheels ahead as well as behind.

Well up in front-bench style, Mr. George ended his day by a foursome at golf, and at the fourteenth hole—so all the papers announce—was three up and four to play. He had to catch a train at this point. Earlier he made an amusing speech. Mr. Balfour deserved as much gratitude by his "popularisation of golf" as by any political service of his life. If this were said in irony, it was over-subtle for the village school-master and school-children. If not irony, it was indiscretion. Golf in England, excluding a few professionals, is played by the classes, middle and upper. Rubber-cored balls at two shillings apiece which only last a round or two, caddies, club subscriptions and so forth are not yet for the masses that Mr. Lloyd George is to upraise. It is hardly possible to get a comfortable day's golf under ten shillings. Golf, despite Mr. George's cheery optimism, still belongs to that "Half of the good things" of life which have not yet been taken away from the haves and given to the haven'ts.

The Greeks had an adjective compounded of dog and shameless which they applied to women who had outrun the ordinary scale of opprobrious language. English people use the equivalent, perhaps it is a translation, but one cannot use it in print. We will be bound though that it has come into many people's minds when they read the accounts of the doings of certain suffragist women at Clovelly Court, where Mr. Asquith and other guests were staying. It is the last form of insolence when a party of female rowdies under the guise of politics insult the guests in a private house, and turn the house itself into a bill-sticking station for their vulgar posters. Fit to vote! They are not fit to live with Swift's Yahoos.

Mr. Talbot has well earned his rest from Parliamentary labours. After a blameless career of thirty-one years' service of Church and State no man need be ashamed to put off his harness. It is rather an act of courage, for, as Mr. Talbot says in his farewell, it is painful enough to break so long an association with such a seat as Oxford University. But a man's capacity to hold a distinguished office is not fully proved till he has shown that he can give it up. Mr. Talbot finishes his task; he is not Cicero's lazy poet. And who is to fill the gap? University representation is threatened—it has been for forty years at least—a man of distinction and something more than talent is more than ever needed for a University seat now. Oxford and Cambridge cannot afford to return merely good party men—if they do, they give up the reason of their representation in Parliament. Only one man can we think of who satisfies every peculiar claim a University seat makes on its member—Lord Hugh Cecil.

How will the Archbishop of Canterbury like to learn that religion in the schools has been preserved against the danger of his influence by Mr. T. P. O'Connor and the United Irish League? That was Mr. O'Connor's boast at Manchester, on Sunday too, and in connexion with the League Convention, adding in regard to the radicals and the Primate that they "had got him in their pocket, mitre, crozier and all". Thus the cow-beating conspiracy comes to act as guardian angel, under the direction of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, of England's National Church. The other enlightening features of "the Cause" at Manchester were a desperate fall in the funds and a unanimous resolution to exclude the Healy faction from the party.

Daniel Hogan, Esquire, Patriot, Justice of the Peace, "Mayor of Castlebar", President of the Town Court, Leader of Irish Democracy in Connaught, and Chairman of his Urban District Council, has gone to jail, on a charge, among others, of pulling his brother's leg in a violent manner, with the assistance of their mother, and with the result of bloodshed. There was the option of a fine, but there was also a binding to the peace, and no other patriot in Ireland could be got to go bail for the patriotic puller of his brother's leg, this being, on the authority of his brother magistrates, the tenth convic-

tion against him in three years for "drunk and disorderly and other offences". When Ireland got Home Rule in local government, leaders of thought like Mr. Hogan "came to the front", on the specific advice of the Irish party, to capture the new institutions for "the Cause"; and now neither Mr. Redmond nor Mr. Dillon comes to escort his beloved comrade to the prison. Castlebar is the capital of Mayo, a centre of democratic enlightenment in Connaught; and the new magistrates in the backward places are not yet so far advanced in their democracy as to pull their brothers' legs with the assistance of their mothers.

Just before leaving the Presidency Mr. Roosevelt sent through the British Ambassador a most graceful message to Sir Horace Plunkett, thanking him for all that his work in Ireland had taught the Americans. In the proper course the message would come through the Foreign Office, and go on to the Chief Secretary; but not a word of it was ever communicated to Sir Horace Plunkett, even privately. After more than three months, and not a word at home, the President's letter comes out in an American paper, now quoted by the Irish "Homestead". The "Homestead" suggests that the letter was suppressed by Mr. Birrell, adding, "From our study of this gentleman's political character, it seemed to us the kind of thing he would naturally do". No doubt Mr. Birrell passed on the letter to the Irish Department of Agriculture. What happened to it after Mr. T. W. Russell received it? Mr. Birrell was content to leave it there.

The Finance Committee of the American Senate have now estimated the effect of their tariff scheme as a rise of about 10 per cent. on luxuries and a fall of about 3 per cent. on necessities, with the distinction drawn at "articles of voluntary consumption". This is on the basis of the Bill as passed by the Representatives, with the amendments demanded by the Senate; and its supporters claim that the rise and fall average a reduction on the whole, which, however, is denied by Senators. Assuming it accurate, it stands to hurt the United Kingdom at many points, even as compared with other countries. For instance, "luxuries" appear to include cotton cloth worth 6d. a square yard or over, which is to be ad valorem in order to raise the duty on it; and one Senator declares that the increase on some cotton cloths in this class is "100 to 200 per cent." The United Kingdom is by far the largest exporter to America under this head, and of course the ad valorem trick is not confined to cotton. The comparative tendency of our competitors is to export an inferior product "finished" to look like our superior one, and to evade increased duty by its lower value.

In any case, we put little faith in any assertions in any law-making establishment of the United States until the result becomes a statute; and, as an index to intentions, it is probably safer to rely on Canadian opinion, formed from experience so much closer. The Canadian press appears to be unanimous in denouncing the scheme, and the "Toronto News" says "The duties were to be revised downward, but now the Senate is busily engaged 'jagging' up the fiscal wall against Canadian products". Two of the Canadian Governments are already considering plans of retaliation by way of export duties on timber for paper making, which has become essential to the American factories in some districts; and of course it is not likely that the Canadians will rely for their protection on export duties only.

South African union is carried so far as the Cape, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony are concerned, and the colonies have been reassured as to the exact meaning of Colonel Seely's statement that the Imperial Government may have to make some technical changes in the draft measure. Next week the people of Natal, as against the parliaments in the other colonies, will say yes or no to the scheme. Whatever the verdict be—and different bodies in the colony have recorded widely varied views—enthusiasm cannot be looked for from

Natal. The Dutch may mean all that they say, but the one clear thing about the Union scheme is that it confirms them in the dominant position they have obtained under self-government. When the "Times" argues that no British rights have been sacrificed in Natal, the answer is that Natal looks askance at the whole thing precisely because she does not wish to abandon the last independent shred of those rights.

Mr. Deakin is once more Prime Minister in Australia, Lord Dudley having refused to dissolve Parliament at Mr. Fisher's request. The new Government is something more than a coalition: it is an embodiment of the imperial spirit of moderate men in Australia. Mr. Fisher's downfall was due not so much to dislike and distrust of Labour as to a strong feeling that his policy on the naval question was inadequate. Australia is apparently with Mr. Deakin on that point, and he doubtless saw in the attitude of press and people regarding the Dreadnought the opportunity for doing a stroke of business for the Empire, and incidentally for himself. Sir William Lyne, more bitter for some reason than Mr. Fisher, calls his late chief Judas, but Mr. Deakin will probably consider that he has only done to the Labour Ministry what Mr. Fisher and his friends did to him six months ago.

From whatever point of view it be looked at, the successful appeal of the three men found guilty in connexion with the Midnapur bomb-throwing conspiracy is serious. It is serious because it will place a new weapon in the hands of the agitators and encourage further enterprise in sedition. It is serious because it will destroy the confidence of the native police in the performance of very unpleasant duties. That it has created a great sensation in India, not merely among the law-abiding classes, we can well believe. The case was unfortunate from the first. Of twenty-seven people originally charged twenty-four were released owing to the recantation of the police informer, and now the appeal judges have found the evidence against the other three equally worthless. On what grounds then were they convicted?

The Cretans will soon have to make up their mind whether they mean to make a serious bid for annexation to Greece or not. Apparently they have not the slickness of mind of the ordinary modern Greek, or they would have made their coup when Bulgaria proclaimed independence. That was the psychological moment. The Young Turks, busy with their own affairs, were glad to give up much abroad to free their hands. Europe was on the tenter-hooks of the Bosnia business and in no mood to allow serious ructions to grow out of either Bulgarian or Cretan claims. Had Turkey talked then as now of moving troops into Crete the moment there was any show of renouncing the Turkish allegiance, Europe would have called Turkey to order smartly enough. But now Europe is not likely to be set by the ears by a little fighting in Crete, so the Powers will probably look on indifferent. The Cretans have lost the tide, and Greece is not the power that will get them out of the shoals.

There has been a great deal of flam about the voyage of Zeppelin II., and the embrace which the German Emperor meant for the glorious Count—an embrace which missed fire through some official misunderstanding. Yet the feat was great and singular, and there is really some sign that an airship has been made that (given fair weather) will be able to work within a radius of several hundred miles from its headquarters. The German papers point out how such a vessel would be able to sail over Paris or over London, take observations, and be back home, with photographs already developed, within twenty-four hours. We wish the German papers would not write London; why not name some place in Denmark or Holland or Belgium? Why should we be scared to death with threats of being snapshotted? The earth is quite full enough of kodaks without the air being beset with them.

Zeppelin II. had only a small accident, which killed nobody. Indeed, the accidents of the air have not really begun yet. We shall have by-and-by a tremendous crop of them. But the airship and aeroplane business must now be taken very seriously, though so much nonsense is written and talked of it. These vessels are not going to blow up London or Paris. The bomb talk is rubbish. They are, however, sure to be of immense value in warfare. They will find the enemy and find weak points and strong points, and generally the nation that is strongest in them is likely to be the strongest power in the end. We have no time to lose in this country. We have to preserve our position as an island power, aerially.

It would have been a greater score for the shipping companies' "Rings" if the minority report had agreed with the majority report that the "Rings" do more good on the whole than harm. But even the minority do not recommend any attempt by legislation at present to make the "Rings" illegal. They seem rather angry that they have to let the "Rings" go, and they accept with a growl the plan of the majority for conferences between the shipping companies and associations of merchants and shippers to discuss and settle questions of freight and other matters of mutual interest.

The majority recommend that the Board of Trade should have certain powers of mediation so as to bring disputes to arbitration in case of disagreement. Where matters of important national or imperial interest are concerned they propose also that the Board should hold an inquiry and present its report, if it choose, to Parliament. But there are many suggested limitations on these powers; and with these the minority disagree. They would have the Board invested with wider and more discretionary powers, and generally they think there is a case for stringent control by the State in the public interest, though they are not prepared to make the "Rings" illegal.

Lord Rosebery has won the appeal in the action brought against him by his former factor, Mr. Drysdale. The curious charge against Lord Rosebery was that he had suddenly sent his solicitors to Mr. Drysdale to take possession of all the papers relating to the estate in order to make an investigation; and they sealed up the safe. This was a libel, Mr. Drysdale said, on his character. Other people thought Lord Rosebery was accusing him of some improper conduct. Lord Rosebery did not accuse him, but people would think he did. Mr. Thomas Artemus Jones, in his action against the Manchester "Sunday Chronicle", said the same thing; and Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton objected to this being called libel. The comparison must not be pushed too far. Lord Rosebery neither spoke nor wrote anything alleged to be libellous. It was an act of his that was said to have this character. He won, too, while the "Sunday Chronicle" lost.

This year's Whitsuntide meetings of the Friendly Societies come very opportunely on the Government's ambitious proposals about State insurance. Mr. Lloyd George is trying to wheedle and cajole them, but they are very jealous and suspicious and determined not to be persuaded into anything which shall bring them under the management or control of the State. Insurance against sickness and incapacity to work is a German plan. For many years the Friendly Societies have been building up great voluntary provisions for their members. They have done for themselves what Germany, in the absence of such societies, has had to do by the State. The English societies are quite reasonably proud of themselves, and they say they will not have "made in Germany" inscribed on their foreheads.

At the same time they admit there are many classes of the poor for whom their provisions are not suitable or impossible; and they have no objection if the Government makes schemes for these. This was the effect of the resolution passed by the meeting of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, one of the largest of the societies, at Bradford. They will assist the Government in pre-

paring a scheme for these classes. Like other people, they want to get all they can on the easiest terms, and they have found that the Old Age Pension Act, which they resisted for many years, has helped them indirectly as societies. They still want the pay they give their members deducted from the amount of income under the Pensions Act. This will be a rare lever for Mr. Lloyd George. He has promised that the Government scheme shall not injure but benefit the societies. A Government subsidy would alarm them with the fear of coming under Government interference. But a deal over the Pensions Act might appease them.

There is something rather ghastly about a Tuberculosis Exhibition. A Sweating Exhibition is on a par with it. But a still ghastlier exhibition are the statistics of consumption which Mr. Burns went over once more at Whitechapel. The one hopeful thing about them is that they go down in proportion as we get rid of slums and have plenty of fresh air both at work and in our houses sleeping and waking. Consumption ought to disappear as completely as typhus; and yet in London as many people die of it in a year as were killed during the three years of the South African war.

The Norfolk Holbein is saved. Thanks to whom? First, without question, to the National Art Collections Fund, perhaps more truthfully to its officers, Lord Balcarras, Mr. Witt, and Sir I. Spielmann. But substantially the picture was saved by the giver of forty thousand pounds, the grace of whose gift was doubled by the withholding of the donor's name. We should have doubted if in this age there was a man or woman on earth who would give £40,000 to anything and not wish his generosity to be proclaimed. What a contrast to the pious benefactor who makes it a condition of his bequest that it shall eternally be called by his name! We hope intending national benefactors will take to heart this shining example.

The great world would likely take very philosophically a change in the Principal of the Cambridge Day Training College. A most excellent institution, indeed, which has had a career of wonderful success. If we choose to think for a moment, we must all see that to give a University training, which must mean at any rate something like an outlook on life, to men who are to teach the mass of the country's children is about as useful work to the body politic as could be. This work for the State we all know Mr. Oscar Browning has been doing for over thirty years. The college is his creation, and under him it has thriven steadily. By now we all take this for granted: we assume that the college will go on for ever and its good work continue. One does not quite know why Mr. Walter Durnford should be made Principal unless it is for his bad editing of a recently published memoir of Colonel Kenyon-Slaney's life. But the world will not be much excited about the matter—the English world has not time to be excited about education.

But tell the world that this change at the Training College means Mr. Oscar Browning's leaving Cambridge, and it will prick up its ears. It has always been one of Mr. Browning's offences that he knew the world, and a still greater offence that the world knew him. To very many of us it is difficult to imagine Cambridge without him. One thing is very certain, there is no one in Cambridge who can in any way fill the gap left by O. B.'s interesting personality. He might perhaps be a better scholar if he were less versatile, but scholars are cheap and versatile men are rare. The many distinguished men who gratefully remember Oscar Browning's friendship, for that has been his relation with his undergraduates, would owe him less had he been less of a person and more of a scholar. Mr. Browning's work at Cambridge has been to make men; he has always taught from that point of view; he is able to look beyond a Tripos list. But his work is not done yet. He will now be able to write in peace

παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

THE FINANCE BILL.

NOW that the Finance Bill is in our hands we recall all previously discussed alternatives, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the imperative duty of the House of Lords to reject, not amend, the measure—for two reasons. In the first place, the Bill, consisting of seventy-four clauses and covering sixty-two pages, is really three Acts of Parliament rolled into one. The death duties, income tax, stamps, and Customs and Excise are the proper subject-matter of a Finance Bill. The duties on land values, which make a revolution in the valuation and transfer of land, ought undoubtedly to be dealt with in a separate Act or Bill, as ought the duties on liquor licences, which are admittedly a device for carrying the Licensing Bill which was rejected by the House of Lords. The Prime Minister said some time ago, with solemn insolence, that finance was a weapon which would be used to solve constitutional difficulties; in other words, that when the second branch of the Legislature rejected a measure, it would be stuffed, in slightly altered shape, into the Budget. If this precedent is allowed to pass, and the Lords acquiesce in the Gladstonian theory that they must not meddle with the Budget, what becomes of our liberty and our property? For what important legislation does not involve, directly or indirectly, the spending of money? What measure, after this, might not be smuggled into the Budget? The House of Lords should therefore reject the Finance Bill upon the ground that it improperly includes matters of controversial policy, which have nothing to do with finance, but which do involve the rights of property. There is another, higher and stronger reason why the House of Lords should reject the Bill, a reason unconnected with the incidence of any tax, but going down to the very basis of the Constitution. We allude to Sections 22 and 23, dealing with appeals. These clauses are such an audacious infringement of the elementary rights of citizenship that we can hardly believe our eyes as we read them. Certain commissioners, of the surveyor class, are to be appointed to assess total values and site values of land, and to fix the duties payable on unearned increment, undeveloped lands, and minerals. Their powers over the property of their fellow-citizens will be enormous and unprecedented, and in certain cases, to which we will recur, there is to be no appeal from their decision. By Section 22, "Any person aggrieved may appeal, *within such time and in such manner as may be provided by rules made for the purpose by the Treasury*, against the first determination by the commissioners of the total value or site value of the land; and against the amount of any assessment of duty", etc., etc. By Subsection (2), "Any appeal under this section shall be referred to such one of the referees appointed under this Part of the Act as may be provided by any special or general directions of the Treasury, and the decision of the referee to whom the appeal is so referred shall be final". By Subsection (3), "If any question of law arises in the course of an appeal under this section, the referee may, if he thinks fit, state the question in the form of a special case for the opinion of the High Court". Under Section 23, Subsection (1), "His Majesty may, if he thinks fit, appoint any number of persons having experience in the valuation of land to act as referees for the purposes of this Part of this Act. (2) There shall be paid out of moneys provided by Parliament to every referee appointed under this section *such fees or remuneration as the Treasury direct*". We have italicised certain of the above words because we believe that this is the first time in British history that the property of the subject has been placed at the absolute disposition of the Treasury. We ask earnestly, Is not every British subject entitled to the decision of a court of law where his personal liberty or his property is concerned? Mark the steps of procedure. A surveyor under the title of a commissioner—were not the robbers of Henry VIII. so called?—is to perform the impossible task of valuing the land divested of everything on it or under it, and is then to assess the various duties on that value. If the owner objects (in the first instance only), he may appeal, by rules as to time and manner made by the Treasury, to another surveyor, appointed and paid

by the Treasury. If a question of law arises (and in dealing with titles, severance, easements, mortgages, how many questions of law must arise?), surveyor No. 2, who is called a referee, "may, if he thinks fit, state the question in the form of a special case for the opinion of the High Court"! And what if the Treasury referee does not think fit to state a case? Everyone with any knowledge of the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act is aware that surveyors of the greatest eminence will support in the box diametrically opposite valuations of the same property. These clauses practically repeal the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act, which has given rise to some of the greatest lawsuits, and evoked the decisions of the greatest judges. The right of every Briton to appeal to a court of law when his liberty or his property is attacked is a fundamental, inalienable, constitutional right. We are too apt to fancy that, because we wear tail-coats and trousers, the confiscations of the Tudors and the Stuarts are impossible. If the House of Lords does not come forward to protect the subject in so vital a matter as the right of appeal to the High Court, then indeed we see no reason for the existence of a second chamber.

We cannot do more than glance at the new land taxes as they appear in the Bill. There are to be two values of land set up, the total value and the site value. The total value is practically the market price of the land as it is, such a price as a willing seller would accept. The site value is the value of the land "divested of any buildings and of any other structures (including fixed or attached machinery) on, in or under the surface, which are appurtenant to or used in connexion with any such buildings, and of all growing timber, fruit trees, fruit bushes, and other things growing thereon". Subsection (3) of Section 14 runs: "For the purposes both of total value and site value land shall be deemed to be sold free from any incumbrances". As it is upon the total value that the reversion duty of 10 per cent. is charged, and upon the site value that the increment duty of 20 per cent. and the halfpenny capital duty on undeveloped land are charged, the greatest injustice will ensue. Land valued at £1000 or £100,000 may have mortgages of £750 or £75,000: yet the duties will be payable on the unincumbered fee simple. All the experts, surveyors and land agents (who on that occasion were unpaid), deposed before the Town Holdings Committee that it was impossible to separate the value of the land from the value of what was on it. Is it not barbarous that all land shall be taxable as undeveloped which "has not been developed by being built upon or by being used bona fide for any business, trade or industry other than agriculture"? We have been wont to feel proud of the gardens and parks which excite the admiration of the foreigner who visits this country. Now this pleasant and distinctive mark of our civilisation is to be taxed as a dereliction of civic duty. If the harassed owner, smarting from the Treasury inquisitor, should force unsuitable land into the builder's hands, and nobody can be found to live in the house, then by Section 10, Subsection (2), the vacant or unoccupied land, i.e. the "empties", shall after a year slide back into the category of undeveloped land and once more pay one halfpenny in the pound on its imaginary capital value. So that as regards the Treasury inquisitor it is "Heads I win and tails you lose". If the wretch who owns the land does not develop it, he is taxed one halfpenny in the pound on what the inquisitor chooses to call its value. If he develops his land successfully, he has to pay a fifth of the increment in value. If he develops the land unsuccessfully, and gets no rent, he is treated as a "recidivist", and as one who has lapsed again into crime is once more fined. Can folly and vindictiveness go farther? The reversion duty, we are glad to see, is not to be charged on twenty-one years' leases. In future we prophesy that no one will be able to obtain a longer lease than twenty-one years, and the builder, instead of getting a building lease, will have to buy the fee, which will retard instead of stimulating the erection of cheap houses. The term "ungotten minerals" seems to have been laughed out of court, for it does not appear in the Bill. The halfpenny in the pound duty is to be charged "in respect of the

capital value of minerals", which are presumably gotten minerals. By Section 11 "undeveloped land duty" is not to be charged on land where the site value does not exceed £50 an acre, or where, if it does exceed that figure, the value is due to its agricultural quality. But, as we read the section, the gardens of the squares in London will be subject to the duty, because they are not open to the public as of right, nor is reasonable access to them granted to the public, nor are they used for the purposes of games or recreation, unless the gambols of infants under the charge of nurses come under that definition. The West End is being gradually depopulated as it is: the borough councils of St. George's, Marylebone, Paddington, and Kensington could give eloquent testimony on that point. It only wants the taxation of gardens, which the rating authorities might then throw open to the public, to turn a retirement into a rout. The borough councils should instruct their members and petition the House of Commons on this subject. The Bill is so complicated and so far-reaching that on economic and constitutional grounds it must be rejected. The House of Lords will never have so good a chance again of saving the citizen from the tyranny of the Treasury.

DESERTING THE STANDARD.

THE controversy concerning the need to order eight battleships this year is altogether apart from the new issue raised by the Government on the two-Power standard. The demand for eight battleships this year satisfies that standard, but there is more than this behind it. The House of Commons has only voted a provision for a future fleet in April 1912 of sixteen Dreadnought-era ships, compared with a certain thirteen and a possible seventeen for Germany, and four each by the other two nations in the Triple Alliance. It follows that our programme provides for an altogether insufficient force of modern ships against Germany alone, and this is rendered doubly dangerous by the fact that for all practical purposes German resources for rapidly building large armoured ships are on a par with our own, while the Triple Alliance has planned an actual superiority to our present provision of Dreadnought-era ships of at least thirty per cent. and a possible fifty-five per cent. Thus it may be affirmed with confidence that four extra battleships of the latest type is a vital need of the situation apart altogether from the new cleavage of opinion between the two great political parties over the two-Power standard. When Mr. Asquith last autumn made the declaration which gave so much satisfaction to the country, he was dealing with no new question on which he might be liable to utter an ill-considered or misleading opinion. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1906 had caused anxiety by saying in reference to comparisons with France and Germany that they set up a standard of an altogether preposterous character. In 1907 a resolution on the two-Power standard had been debated prior to the Committee stage of the Navy Estimates, and in 1908 profound anxiety had been caused among experts because the German programme of four large armoured ships was being met by a British programme of only two. At the moment Mr. Asquith gave his answer he was in possession of information, which he withheld from Parliament, that the Germans had commenced the four large armoured ships of their 1909 programme during 1908, making eight for the year, as compared with our two. In these circumstances on November 12, November 23, and December 17 he prevented the Parliamentary demonstration which the Navy League demanded by emphatically asserting the old arithmetical standard of a ten per cent. margin over the next strongest two Powers in the world. These answers were considered written, supplemented by verbal, and on any one of these dates it was open to him to clear up the universal misconception if the Cabinet really had in their mind a Little England standard such as that now enunciated by which the defence of the empire as a whole is set aside and navies are discounted according to their distance from

England. In addition both Lord Fitzmaurice and Lord Granard made set speeches in the House of Lords on the Navy, and not a hint was given of the betrayal of the standard. As to the fact that the minimum standard has of late years been a ten per cent. margin over the next strongest two Powers as defined by Mr. Asquith last autumn, there can be no question. In 1889 the margin was greater, as Lord Selborne pointed out on 21 March, 1905, when he said: "The two-Power standard never had applied to any two particular nations, but always to the two strongest naval Powers. . . . If you compare the margin of security which Parliament provided under the Naval Defence Act of 1889 with the margin of security we at present enjoy, the margin was greater then than now". The two-Power standard being a minimum, it follows that the words "any reasonably probable combination of Powers" could only be honestly interpreted as an extension and not an attenuation of the two-Power standard. The words to which Mr. Asquith referred the House as used by him in a speech on 2 March 1908 were that "the standard which we have to maintain is one which would give us complete and absolute command of the sea against any reasonably possible combination of Powers". This statement could only mean an extension of the two-Power standard. It is not necessary to argue the matter at length, for it was conceded by Lord Tweedmouth a fortnight later in a speech which was carefully revised by him in Hansard 18 March, 1908, in these words: "On the two-Power standard I am perfectly sound. I must remind the House that both the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the one last year and the other only last week—accepted in the most decided manner the two-Power standard. According to what is recorded in the Admiralty, I find that my predecessors have always taken the two-Power standard as meaning the two next strong Powers abroad plus ten per cent. *I have rather a wider formula myself.* I am here speaking for myself and not for my colleagues; but I much prefer this definition as to the standard—namely, any reasonably probable combination of other foreign Powers". Lord Tweedmouth wrote from the Admiralty the following day to Lord Cawdor as follows: "In view of what you said in your reply last night and the line of criticism taken in some of the newspapers this morning, I wish to say that my words 'any reasonably probable combination of foreign Powers' were intended as an extension and not a restriction of the two-Power standard". The only difference between Mr. Asquith and Lord Tweedmouth was that the former used the wider word "possible" instead of "probable".

If the case that the standard has always been a purely arithmetical one had not now been triumphantly demonstrated, we could adduce quotation after quotation from the leading statesmen of the past to prove the point, and we challenge the production of a single intimation of the adoption of a geographical standard up to Mr. Asquith's ambiguous speech on 16 March, which nobody understood, and Mr. Churchill's Easter letter, which for the first time gave the Government's interpretation of the Prime Minister's speech. To apply such an unknown sliding geographical scale by which distance causes danger to disappear is not only strategically unsound and disloyal to the Empire, but it is a dishonest dodge to sweep away the checks that Parliament imposes on Governments which too often find in the material of the Navy the only means of trimming the Budget. The standard of strength would then become esoteric and would be interpreted by the high priests of the new doctrine to suit their own convenience. Already Austrian papers are declaring that their three battleships with larger armaments than our "Lord Nelson" and the four projected Dreadnought-era ships may be neglected by England under the new distance theory. The trade route to India is nothing to a Free Trade Government holding that the Navy exists to repel what can be used for "aggressive purposes against this island". To extract revenue from foreign trade is anathema to the Government, but a hostile fleet

arresting the whole of our distant trade and seizing our ships in our imperial ports is a thing that need not even be considered. To this we have fallen under the inspiration of a Cabinet of lawyers after nearly a century of maritime peace! There never was such a fraudulent doctrine imposed on a nation whose whole history cries aloud to show up the impudent imposture. The Americans in 1812 possessed only fourteen frigates and sloops, yet the British Admiralty found a force on the North Atlantic coast of eleven sail of the line and seventy-two frigates and sloops inadequate, and brought the battleship force alone up to twenty in order to protect our commerce and the Canadian and West Indian ports. "It has not been without interfering for the moment with other very important services", wrote the Admiralty to Warren, "that my Lords have been able to send you this reinforcement, and they most anxiously hope that the vigorous and successful use you will make of it will enable you shortly to return some of the line-of-battle ships to England". Such is only one out of the many lessons from history that the distance of a prospective enemy, so far from diminishing the need of naval force, has the contrary effect, but it will be entirely wasted on men who, neglecting the lead of patriotism, have no desire to read aright the lessons of the past. The Government has shown almost Satanic ingenuity in the moment chosen for its new policy. On the eve of the Imperial Conference the empire is told that it may shift for itself in war. When Germany for the first time exhibits misgivings as to the cost of its vast naval armaments the British Government makes a public display of vacillation and cowardice that will spur the German Navy League on to fresh demands for the fleet which, in the words of the preamble of the German Navy Bill of 1900, is to be "of such strength that a war, even with the mightiest naval Power, would involve risks jeopardising the supremacy of that Power".

THE STRANGE CASE OF KEDAH.

SOME years ago, before the days of the Entente Cordiale, every debating society in this country was agitated on the subject of Siam. Quite a large number of people could find Bangkok on the map, and the presence of a French gunboat in its vicinity was reported to have deprived Lord Rosebery of sleep. Now no one either knows or cares anything about Siam or the Indian archipelago, and the news that another treaty between that country and ourselves is pending excites no comment. This may make the wheels of diplomacy run the easier, but there are other points of view not altogether unworthy of attention; and, if what is reported be correct, we are likely in the course of the negotiations to commit a blunder of the same nature as others we have made in the past under like conditions. In two instances at least during recent years in our anxiety to come to an agreement with a Great Power we have deliberately ignored the less powerful state, entirely friendly to us, which was most concerned in the negotiations, seeing that its fortunes and not those of the high contracting Powers were being settled.

To make things smooth with France we deliberately sacrificed our predominant position in Morocco. From a commercial point of view this was stupid, and it is no credit to us that France has failed to make much use of her opportunities. But the point we particularly desire to emphasise is that we deliberately and most cynically, being at the time the Moors' most trusted friends, abandoned them to France, whom they hated and feared more than any other nation. More recently we have taken the same line in Persia, with even more deplorable consequences. The best element in Persia feels itself betrayed, while the contre-coup of the blunder has already been felt in India, where it is believed that we are afraid of the Russians, who have been demonstrated inferior in the field to an Asiatic race. It may conceivably be argued that in these two cases the greatness of the end in view justifies the policy pursued, but an arrangement with Siam can hardly be of such vital importance that in order to assure it we must make in

the Far East the unfortunate impression we have already left in Persia and Morocco.

It is the intention of the Government to take over from Siam the Protectorate of Kedah without consulting either the wishes or the convenience of the Sultan of that district. Kedah is a small State lying immediately to the north of Penang with which we have always maintained the most friendly relations. Hitherto we have always treated it as a sovereign State. By the treaty of 1800, confirming a previous agreement under which the East India Company took over the island of Penang, we guaranteed the integrity of the Sultan's dominions. Again in 1869, when by a treaty between Siam and Great Britain the boundaries of Wellesley Province were extended, the Sultan was a signatory party, and a similar recognition of sovereignty was contained in the agreement of 1893 with Perak. Since 1800 we have paid Kedah 10,000 dollars a year as compensation for Penang. For many years Kedah has acknowledged the suzerainty of Siam by the payment of a nominal offering, and the Sultan has on several occasions allowed Siam to act on his behalf with regard to foreigners resident in Kedah; but there is nothing to warrant Siam bartering her suzerainty over Kedah or changing the status of Kedah with regard to foreign States. If Siam by a treaty with this country chooses for her own purposes to abandon her protectorate over Kedah, she has no right to hand the country over to England or any other State, or indeed to alter the status of Kedah in any way so far as other countries are concerned. If Kedah ceases to be tributary to Siam, her position with regard to this country returns to that of a sovereign State as it stood in the treaty of 1800.

It is unnecessary to go much more into details regarding the earlier history. The invasion and occupation of Kedah by Siam from 1821 to 1842 was an occasion for protecting our friends that the East India Company did not observe for the cogent reason that the Siamese were too powerful. But without minute investigation the position of Kedah is sufficiently clear. It was a tributary of Siam at the time when the East India Company made treaties with its ruler as a sovereign prince; Siam invaded the country to enforce payment of the tribute, and on the restoration of the Sultan and his line we continued to recognise him as a party to treaties, the British Government of course taking over the rights and obligations of the East India Company.

Kedah has never required foreign intervention to maintain the peace in its own territory, but its finances got into a deplorable condition, and in 1895 the Sultan was obliged to appeal to Siam for a loan, and at the same time secured the services of the Siamese financial adviser, Mr. Williamson, who put matters straight. In 1905 Mr. Hart, son of Sir Robert Hart, was installed, at the Sultan's request, as the financial adviser, and he now, with the help of a few English and some native officials, conducts the internal administration of the country with extraordinary and increasing success, if we may judge from the printed reports regularly issued. Members of the reigning House have been throughout associated with the administration with good results.

Now there is nothing in all this to derogate from Kedah's claim to be considered as a sovereign State, with a right to be consulted before it is disposed of or handed over by arrangement from one Power to another like a chattel. Turkey or Siam might be treated in a similar fashion if financial administration be the ground; both of those States have employed foreigners to straighten out their finances, their army, and their navy. The history of its connexion with Siam or Great Britain gives no right to either to treat Kedah in the cavalier fashion proposed. We may, it is true, plead the right of the stronger, though there is a frank brutality about that argument which hardly squares with our protestations in the Western Hemisphere. As a fact, our prestige among lesser States is not entirely due to successful force, but rather to a reputation for impartiality and justice. M. Hanotaux not long ago reproached us with our lack of tact in dealing with a Great Power; we might with advantage try the experiment with a very small one, for at this moment we want all the friends we can either make or keep.

VANDALISM IN PARIS.

ONE of the patent signs of Republican mediocrity in France is the steady indifference of the City Fathers to the amenities of Paris. History and tradition are cast to the winds before what is euphemistically termed "Progress". There is nothing sadder than the daily destruction of the beautiful and historic, which has been going on since Baron Haussmann took in hand, with an Early Victorian savagery, the rectangular "improvement" of Lutetia. (There is something ironical in the evocation of the old Roman name.) Everything has been done to minimise the ancient glory of the city of brilliant courts and kings. The pick of the demolisher shows a fiendish activity whenever it encounters some relic of past times. With a ruthless hand the *Ædiles* have ruled straight paths through a tangled mass of streets where lie hidden, under gabled roofs and twisted chimneys, under gilded cornices and fantastic carven faces, the history and sentiment of five hundred years. The broad course of the new Boulevard Raspail, which pushes brusquely its modern way across the most interesting part of the Pays Latin, has shown a Juggernaut faculty for pressing under foot old associations and archaeological documents. The most grievous example of municipal zeal in clearing is the "Abbaye aux Bois", a large rambling old house, full of beautiful oak carving, around which clustered memories of saintly women and memories, too, of the beautiful Madame Récamier, who was here a "pensionnaire" and received the homage of adoring wits and gallants. Pitable is the story of the destruction of the Latin Quarter. Fire could not have worked more havoc of old-time buildings and hôtels.

If one crosses the Seine one's feeling of sadness at the vandalism of the modern Parisian increases. In that glorious area of the Cité contained between two arms of the river, where formerly were seventeen churches, to-day there remain only the "symphony in stone" of Notre Dame and the superb Sainte Chapelle, serving as the official temple to the Palais de Justice. In its queer and crooked streets history and romance lie asleep. In this quarter and the adjacent one of the Marais the visitor who is at once a student and an artist may still encounter some splendid vestiges of mediæval and early modern times. But almost as bad as the destruction of these shrines of great figures in the national archives is the neglect into which many of the buildings have fallen. Villainous trade signs, decay and dirt and modern excrescences in the form of badly designed sheds and stables disfigure some of the most wonderful houses in a part of Paris associated with the literary genius of Mme. de Sévigné and, later, of Victor Hugo. If steps have been taken to turn aside the hand of the destroyer from the Place des Vosges, it is in recognition of the Republican sturdiness of Hugo and the Roundhead tone of "Les Châtiments". In this particular section of the town existed, until quite recently, the exquisite Hôtel du Prévôt, in the Passage Charlemagne. This building belonged to the fourteenth century, and was the official residence of the Councillors of Charles V. Afterwards the King bestowed it upon Provost Aubriot. It had beautiful turrets and an open stairway, and particularly fine windows overlooking a court. Under the shadow of Notre Dame workmen have just completed the destruction of the interesting old Hôtel-Dieu, or, at least, such parts of it as most eloquently speak to us of the past. Again, near the Sorbonne has disappeared another building consecrated to the service of the sick, the old Amphithéâtre de Médecine, with Gothic arches and curious circular theatre.

An unfortunate genius for obliterating the relics of former generations seems to possess the city architects whenever they have to apply an ancient building to modern purposes. Nor has the excavation necessary for the Métropolitain, or Underground, of Paris been accomplished without the loss of picturesque features. Public transport, of course, is one of the most pressing problems of a great city; at the same time rapidity of transit is dearly bought when it involves the uprooting of past-time glories.

The student who wished to follow step by step the bloody progress of the Revolution in Paris through its bricks and mortar would have the greatest difficulty nowadays. As M. Georges Cain points out in his delightful "Vieux Coins de Paris", transformations of a surprising and apparently unnecessary sort have taken place in such a building as the Conciergerie, where the judges held their horrible deliberations and where the prisoners condemned to the guillotine walked and sat and thought and prayed. Identification of the ancient apartments is no longer possible. Oddly enough we have here to blame the Restoration for obliterating revolutionary landmarks. Nor would you find it easier to locate the sites of other Revolutionary tribunals. The same senseless spirit of change has been upon the builders and tinkers of the city.

An article of more than usual weight in "La Revue" has accused the Third Republic of its patronage of the mediocre in Art. The writer points with scorn to the official salons, where the official painter, with his mechanical pictures of banquets and presentations, is honoured at the expense of and, indeed, as a direct affront to real Art. The anonymous author might have completed his diatribe by inveighing against the contempt for the decency and amenities of life which allows the soiling of the streets and boulevards with the litter of a hundred thousand circulars. Years ago the City Fathers took a pride in the appearance of the city. None was allowed to cast a handbill upon its spotless pavements, to throw newspapers where he would, to cast anything that encumbered him into the gutter. A fine would have followed such impropriety. To-day there is no active regulation of the sort. The untidy aspect of the Parisian thoroughfare shocks the eye of the Londoner. Even he lives under a régime more attentive to the details of the daily municipal toilet. From this it appears that the mediocrity in government, which finds its daily expression in strikes and the threats of State functionaries, extends to those smaller matters of the cleanliness and good order of the byways and highways of the capital. "Ex pede Herculem..."

CHEMISTS IN CONGRESS.

FOR the last week or so the presence in our midst of a number of foreign guests who are normally engaged in applying chemistry to the arts and manufactures has been exciting the daily press to recitals of the feats of modern science—artificial indigo, camphor out of turpentine, nitrogenous manures out of the air—accompanied by sounding jeremiads as to the inferior position our own country occupies in this field of endeavour. Having thus most determinedly said "Wake up, England" to one another, next week we shall be moved afresh to tears over some new sign of decadence, and our poor scientific industries will go on their way, ignored and unhelped as of old. What measure of truth is there in the reproaches which have been so freely addressed to us concerning our neglect of science in our business? Is it real or apparent? Is it an accident of our circumstances or a real intellectual incapacity of the commercial Englishman? It is at least certain that none of the recent revolutionary inventions of a scientific character on which great businesses have been built up is of British origin. Against such discoveries as the incandescent gas mantle or the new metallic filament lamps we have nothing to set. On the contrary the investor will remember not a few much-trumpeted schemes which have left him with nothing to show for his money but a well-founded distrust of any process pretending to be new and scientific. And yet British chemistry lacks neither imagination nor thoroughness; numerically weak though our men may be, in pure science they hold their own in any international assembly, and have contributed as much as any one nation has a right to expect towards the advancement of their science. But it is in the domain of pure science alone that this is true, and most of these really distinguished men touch upon industrial work rarely or not at all. Professor Sylvanus

Thompson addressed himself to one side of this question, presiding over Eyde's lecture at the Society of Arts on the electrical process for obtaining nitric acid from the atmosphere, when he said that what had impressed him most was the manner in which the capital had been found for these great Norwegian water-power factories. There had been no flaming prospectus, no coloured appeal to the public with its accompaniment of promoters' profits and watered capital; instead, certain capitalist associations had investigated the small scale process put before them, had decided it was good, and found the capital for a commercial trial; but the process was going to have its chance to earn a living profit and was not going to be asked to return cent. per cent. to the promoters the moment it was floated. English experiences of late have not been of that kind, and it is too well known that London is no market for new industrial enterprises; there processes are bought not on their money-earning promise but on the prospects they offer for the creation of a boom. Our financiers are more and more ceasing to be entrepreneurs, they are becoming wholly promoters and share manipulators, and they seem to possess no power of judgment to discriminate between the genuine discoverer and the wild-cat purveyor of the perpetual-motion machine.

To this part of the indictment we must plead guilty, but the case against us is not so strong when we come to the very general reproach that our manufacturers do not employ the scientific man sufficiently in their businesses. That the works chemist, still more so the works physicist or botanist or bacteriologist, finds but little opening in England is due largely to the same causes which have left so many of the newer industries in foreign hands. The bulk of our big businesses are old established and possess an assured market as long as trade conditions do not greatly change; as long as they are directed with energy on sound financial lines they will flourish and even show a reasonable expansion with the growth of population. It is the firms which have to break into the established market and need new and superior wares whereby to make their position that must depend upon the guidance of the man of science. Of course our kind of automatic running may not last for ever, but the great business which steadily pays its ten or fifteen per cent. cannot be greatly blamed for being content to let the somewhat remote future take care of itself. From this attitude of the leading firms arises one of the most mischievous relations between commerce and scientific men—the system of consulting expert which prevails in London. However routine their methods, our manufacturing people do get into difficulties sometimes: the flavour of the beer in a particular brewery takes a change for the worse, a steelmaker begins to turn out material which will not satisfy the tests, a tea company notes a declining yield in one of its plantations; in all such cases there is a man somewhere in the City who will take a fee and write out a prescription. Of course the expert's experience sometimes enables him to recognise a known source of trouble and to suggest a cure, but too often he has to make an a priori guess and utter it with the confidence and assuredness which are necessary to maintain his reputation. He is rarely brought to book for his mistakes, for the odds are that on any board of directors there will be some amateur of the subject who insists upon modifying the expert's advice. Our experts are none too trustworthy, because they are set impossible tasks; however, the business man rarely trusts him all the way, so that the account is squared. The real expert must be made on the spot, not hired by the job; the man of science does not know things, he only knows the best ways of setting to work to find them out. This is the real difference between our methods and those of Germany; here the man of science is an occasional servant, a sort of emergency "supply"; there he is associated with the direction of the whole business. He has his share of the prizes, too; brains as well as capital are recognised as conferring a right to a position at the top. This fundamental difficulty of the wrong attitude towards the expert of our financiers and business men, of our politicians also, will only slowly be removed by education. As long as the

typical British training of public school and university remains literary only, and proceeds by way of words rather than of things, so long will our dominant men handle science in a futile and half-hearted fashion. Fortunately there are polytechnics and technical schools and modern universities which are beginning to provide men fit to take part in the fiercer competition of the future, while to the public schools may be left their mission of turning out for the sphere of government the accepted English type of leisured gentleman.

Turning to the Congress itself, the general opinion appears to be that its proceedings have been overful: too many sections and too many papers. Unfortunately the constitution of the Congress does not permit of the rejection of any paper presented that is not obviously impossible; consequently the time of the meetings is wasted while nonentities try to advertise themselves. Even men who have something to report will try to read detailed papers when the profitable thing would be to initiate a discussion; too generally length is mistaken for impressiveness. The justification of these congresses lies in their informal talks and private discussions, the clearing-up of misunderstandings between men working at a distance, and the recognition which sometimes comes to a man neglected by his compatriots. On these personal encounters also the curse of tongues lies less heavy; in public one was left sighing for the days when every man of learning had but one language for communication with his fellows. Latin has been lost; Esperanto is only one more storey on the tower of Babel. Is mankind for ever to be separated by the barriers of language?

THE CITY.

ABOUT the middle of the week markets experienced what it is the fashion to call a healthy set-back. The backward movement was led by the Argentine railway market, which has been dull for some time, and only needed the rumour of a drought to become weak. Central Argentines and Buenos Ayres and Pacifics fell a couple of points, which some people tried to explain by the absurd reason that Mr. Charles Morrison was dead. Whenever a notoriously rich man dies everybody at once assumes that his executors will immediately proceed to dump all his holdings on the market. Argentine railways have had so long a period of prosperity in regard to weather and business that it would only be natural for them to have a turn of drought or locusts.

The Kaffir market is probably "overbought"; that is to say, the genuine demand for shares has been satisfied for the moment, and the small and nervous operators are trembling at every movement of a sixteenth. Also, there has been a good deal of profit-taking on the recent smart rise. Anyhow, there were declines ranging from a quarter to an eighth in all the old favourites—Gold Fields, Rand Mines, Modders, and Apex. In a few weeks the summer dividends will be declared, and as they will be very good the market is as safe as any speculative market ever is. Nourse Mines at $3\frac{1}{2}$ are the latest favourite, and are well spoken of. New Klipfonteins and Boksburgs are cheap. For investment and speculation combined we still recommend Simmer and Jacks, City Deepes, and Knights. In the West African market Fanti Mines seem to be the briskest share, and have risen to 11s.

No doubt there has been a good deal of speculation in rubber shares, and future profits have in some cases been discounted. But as the price of the best rubber keeps on rising, and is now 5s. 9d., and is said by good judges to be going to 7s., the present high prices may be justified by the event.

The American market continues to astonish everybody, Steel Commons rising to 70 and Southern Pacifics to 130. What is the meaning of it all? Can it be true that they are going to replace the 7 per cent. preference stock by 4 per cent. bonds, and give the difference to Steel Commons? That, of course, would explain the rise, which may, on the other hand, be merely the manipulation which, in Wall Street, is used to ensure a hearty welcome for a bond issue.

The coal-merchants are trying very hard to persuade their customers to buy coal at once, as a huge strike is coming, owing to the Miners' Eight Hours Act, which comes into force on 1 July. Can there be anything in it? A really big coal strike would, of course, cause panic in the market for home industrials, particularly in the shares of concerns which make munitions of war.

Both Mexico and Russia have made railway issues. The National Railways of Mexico offer £4,938,200 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Gold Bonds at $94\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the Russian Government £3,544,960 bonds, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, at 90, principal and interest being guaranteed. The Russian loan is raised to provide funds for the construction, equipment, and working of the Armavir-Touapsé Railway and a harbour at Touapsé on the Black Sea. The bonds will be redeemed at par by annual drawings, beginning on 1 December 1913. No information is given as to the railway or the harbour, but the bonds are a good investment.

May has been a busier month on the Stock Exchange than any known for a very long time. It is an interesting subject of speculation (mental, not pecuniary) whether we have at last reached the turn of the tide when all values move upward. Our well-informed and clever contemporary, "The Investors' Monthly Manual", gives us a series of comparative tables dealing with British and Indian Government securities, British corporations, colonial bonds and stocks, foreign stocks, and British railway debentures. Excepting foreign Government stocks, which are subject to special influences, there has been in the last ten years "a single and unmistakable tendency shared by practically every market". All these gilt-edged securities touched the highest point of the ten years in 1899 and the lowest in 1907, and the margin of fluctuation during the period varies from $38\frac{1}{2}$ points in Great Central $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debentures to 11 points in Canadian Threes. "That fact", says our contemporary, "proves that fluctuations in value are unavoidable; that they are due to external causes which the investor can neither foresee nor control; and that to expect complete market stability by clever arrangement of one's capital is altogether futile."

ASSURING WHEN YOUNG.

LAST March we explained the very great advantages of taking out during childhood policies which came into force as ordinary life assurance when the age of twenty-one or twenty-five was reached; which then began to share in the profits of the life office, and which involved thereafter paying only the same low rate of premium as was charged during childhood. There are two reasons for policies of this kind being exceptionally advantageous: one is that the cost of protection—that is to say, the chance of a much larger sum being paid under the policy than has been paid for the policy in premiums—is very small when people are young and increases rapidly after middle age. The second cause is that there is a long time for the accumulative power of compound interest to operate, and, as everybody knows, the adding of interest upon interest has a most striking effect when it continues for a long period. There is the further fact that policies effected in childhood or in early manhood normally require many small premiums, while policies effected in later life call for fewer but larger premiums. The actual money paid away yields far larger returns when spread over a long period than when spread over a short one, even though the amount be identical in the two cases; but for the majority of people many small payments are much more convenient than a few large payments.

There is another fact of moment to consider in this connexion. Endowment-assurance policies which provide a sum of money at a selected age, say age sixty-five, or at death if previous, are in many respects much more attractive than policies which provide for the sum assured to be paid only at death, whenever it happens. Even if the sum assured is only payable at death it is greatly preferable in many ways that the number of premiums payable should be limited, the premium-paying period ceasing, for example, at age sixty or sixty-five. Endow-

ment-assurance and limited-payment life policies involve such high rates of premium when taken at the older ages that a great many people cannot afford to take them, and must select whole-life assurance, subject to the payment of premiums so long as they live. When policies are effected early the difference in cost is comparatively slight, and the better policy can be taken with little or no difficulty. The following figures show to the nearest pound the annual premiums at age twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty at entry, for with-profit policies of £1000, payable for life and payable till age sixty, the sum assured falling due at death, also for endowment assurances becoming due at age sixty-five or at death if previous. It is to be noted that a policy of any one of these three kinds, effected at age twenty, will be increased by bonuses to £2000 when age sixty-five is reached; and at age sixty-five will amount to £1760 if taken at age thirty, to £1496 if commenced at age forty, and to only £1273 if taken out at age fifty.

Age at entry	20	30	40	50
Payable at death—				
Premiums for life	£ 21	£ 26	£ 33	£ 45
Premiums till 60	23	30	42	80
Endowment at 65	25	32	45	74

Thus, to take the case of endowment assurance payable at age sixty-five, a man who had paid £1142 in premiums would receive £2000 in cash. A man of thirty-five would pay £1135 in premiums and receive £1760 in cash. A man commencing such a policy at age forty would pay £1145 in premiums and draw £1496 at age sixty-five; while a man commencing a policy at age fifty would pay £1103 in premiums and draw £1273 fifteen years later.

Under the whole-life and limited-payment life policies the advantages are in some respects even more pronounced. The policies effected at the younger ages not only assure a larger sum when age sixty-five is reached, but they receive larger bonuses thereafter until death occurs, and under the whole-life policies the premium payable until death is very small when the policies are taken out at an early age, and comparatively large if the effecting of assurance is left until later on in life.

Another consideration which in actual fact often involves either the payment of a greatly increased premium or the refusal of assurance altogether is that a man may be able to pass a first-class medical examination when he is young and may be unable to do so later in life. Thus there is an accumulation of conditions and arguments, all of which tell very strongly in favour of effecting assurance as early as possible, and if the policy can be taken in childhood so much the better.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN AUCTION BRIDGE.

II.

By W. DALTON.

THE significance of a suit declaration differs very widely with different partners. First-class auction bridge players are very trustworthy in this respect. When they make an original suit declaration, other than spades, they can be depended upon to have some real backbone in the suit. But all auction bridge players are not first class, and some are by no means trustworthy. Just as at ordinary bridge there are certain players who cannot bear to pass the declaration with five hearts in their hand, so at auction bridge there are certain players who are so fed up with that mistaken idea of showing their best suit to their partner that they will declare hearts or diamonds on five to the queen, or on six to the ten. No call of that kind is an original declaration at all at auction bridge. Four to the ace, king, or four to the king, queen, ten is much sounder and better. The original declaration at ordinary bridge and at auction bridge are two entirely different things. At ordinary bridge an original declaration has one object, and one only, namely, to play the hand on that call. At auction bridge there are two objects, firstly, to play the hand with the suit declared as trumps, and, secondly, and far

more important, to give information to one's partner, with the view of helping him to declare "No trumps". It may help him enormously to know that the ace and king of hearts are in his partner's hand, but it can be no sort of use to him to know that there are five or six small ones there.

Yet, again, when the dealer declares "Two spades" or "Two clubs" it is of the greatest importance for the third player to know whether he can thoroughly rely on that call. It ought to mean the ace and king, or at least the king, queen, knave, at the head of the suit, but there are players—very unsound ones—who will call "Two spades" on numerical strength. I remember hearing a player call "Two spades" on queen and six small ones, and nothing else. No harm came of it in that particular instance, because the third player happened to have a bad hand; but what reliance can be placed on a partner such as that?

I recently saw a striking instance of the reverse side of the medal, where the third player could thoroughly rely upon his partner. The dealer declared "Two clubs", the second player called "Two diamonds", the third and fourth players passed, and the dealer declared "Four clubs"—four, mind you, although three would have been sufficient. The second player called "Three diamonds", and the third player then went "Two no trumps" on the ace of diamonds and the king of spades—nothing else. A diamond was led, and the dealer put down eight clubs to the quart major, and they won the game, instead of losing it as they would have done on the diamond call. The opponents could have got "five diamonds" as the cards happened to lie, but the winning cards were divided between their two hands, and they did not know their strength. That result was brought about simply through the third player knowing his partner and having thorough confidence in the soundness of his call. With a strange partner, or with one whom he did not trust, the "Two no trumps" call, on one ace and one king, would have been an impossible one.

The opportunity for estimating the value of the original declaration, from a previous knowledge of the dealer's methods, is not confined to the dealer's partner. The opponents can do it just as well. When an original declaration of "One no trump" has been made by a player of the conservative order it behoves the opponents to treat it with a due amount of respect, because it is almost certain to have power behind it. When it is made by a player who is known to be a very forward declarer it has nothing like the same significance. It may of course be quite a sound call, but it may also be a very unsound one. The second player should be governed a great deal by his knowledge of the dealer's methods in determining whether to overbid the dealer's "No trump" declaration or whether it will be wiser to leave it alone. This knowledge will be of still more use from a negative point of view. When a very forward declarer begins with "One spade" his opponents should immediately place him with a hand well below the average, and should not lose sight of that deduction. It ought to be of considerable use to them to know that one of the two hands opposed to them is a weak one, and that nothing much is to be feared from that quarter. Armed with this knowledge, they can declare with much greater freedom, and a "No trump" call which would have been a doubtful one under other conditions becomes quite a good one, but this knowledge can only be derived from a careful study of the dealer's customary methods of declaring.

The same principle applies, all along the line, in the bidding for the declaration. Some players always try to bid their opponents up, and sometimes make very risky calls in their endeavour to do so. Others play a more backward game, and never overbid a previous declaration without good cause. Just think how useful it must be for a player to be able to say to himself "That call is certain to be a sound one" or "That call is very likely to be a bluffing one". Nothing but a personal knowledge of his opponent's methods will enable him to do this.

The very expert auction bridge player will endeavour to vary his methods of declaring as much as possible, with the special object of making it difficult for his

opponents to draw this sort of inference. Here, again, a thorough knowledge of the player and of his capabilities is most important. Varying the method of procedure, from hand to hand, is a refinement of the game which not many players rise to. There are some who do it, but they are the few, not the many. The ordinary, everyday auction bridge player has his own pet methods which he believes in, and can generally be trusted to stick to, and to reproduce time after time. The great thing is to know those pet methods, so as to be prepared to read them correctly. For instance, some players believe in the principle of "keeping the flag flying", and will nearly always declare above the value of their hand when they think that their opponents are likely to win the game. Others are ultra-conservative, and pride themselves on rarely losing anything above the line. When the latter overcall a previous declaration they can be trusted to have very substantial grounds for their call, but not so the former.

There are certain players who give away a great deal of information by their mannerisms in declaring. Sometimes you will see them evidently bursting with anxiety to make a declaration. Directly their turn arrives, out it comes, without a moment's hesitation, and you know that the call, whatever it may be, is a strong one. At other times they will hesitate, go through their cards two or three times, obviously summing up the possibilities of their hand, and eventually make a half-hearted sort of call. The inference is too patent to need specifying.

The observant player notes all these indications, and uses them to his own advantage, but they have no value for the unobservant, irresponsible player. He goes on in his own stolid, unsympathetic way, and perhaps wonders vaguely how it is that his quicker adversary seems to have so much better a grasp of the situation.

SOME CENSORS.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

THE question of the censor in art has been well to the fore just lately. There have been three separate cases of censorship; one of them in the sphere of painting, another in the sphere of literature, another in the sphere of drama; and each of them implying for us a great deal of courage on the part of the censor—our indignation being the measure of that courage. First of all came Sir Edward Poynter, declaring at a public banquet that it was the function of the Royal Academy to uphold the principles of art, which are eternal, as against the judgments of the crowd, which are transient and erratic. In itself, an admirable platitude, to be applauded. But, in the circumstances, a grand outburst of defiance, sure to raise laughter and wrath. Sir Edward well knew that there is not a single expert of any standing who does not condemn the standard of taste upheld by himself. He had not forgotten that even the official world frowns on him—as was shown by the report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the administration of the Chantrey fund. He knew, moreover, that within a month of his pronouncement would be shown to the world, in the centre of Burlington House, as a lively example of intimacy with the laws of art which are eternal, his full-length portrait of the Duke of Northumberland. This (I think Mr. Binyon will not gainsay me) is a portrait so feebly pretentious, so vulgar in conception, so childish in execution, that not even the most "erratic" unit of the crowd that pays its shillings at the turnstiles of Burlington House could fail to be startled by it and appalled. There is not, I believe, any truth in the rumour that the Duke of Northumberland, fired by the example of the Duke of Norfolk, has disposed of the portrait to Messrs. Colnaghi, and that the administrators of the Chantrey fund are going to draw seventy thousand pounds or so out of their capital in order that the masterpiece be saved to these shores. But the comedy is quite comic enough without this added touch. Or rather (since the matter is a serious one) Sir Edward's courage is epic enough in itself. Not only, when he made his pronounce-

ment, had he that ducal portrait up his sleeve: it may be presumed that he knew also that the administrators of the Chantrey fund were going to persist in a favourite pastime by purchasing "A Favourite Pastime" of a beloved colleague, to the exclusion of aught that there might be (and is) of vital worth outside Burlington House. Fearlessness, in however ignoble a cause it be manifested, is a high virtue. Hats off to Sir Edward!

Cursorily, it might seem that the Dean of Westminster, when he decided not to have the ashes of George Meredith buried in the Abbey, displayed a courage, an indifference to criticism, even more illustrious than Sir Edward's. I have no wish to belittle the Dean, but I cannot accept this theory. Sir Edward, being a painter, and head of an academy of painting, cannot be wholly ignorant of the trend of modern thought in regard to pictorial art. Even if he doesn't read the books and the articles that are written, the prices fetched at Christie's, which are a fair guide to experts' ideas, will have shown him which way the wind blows. On the other hand, there is no reason to suppose that the Dean has any theories, or knows any theories, about modern fiction. He may do so; but it is not one of his duties; and, as his duties are arduous and many, the presumption is that in the emergency of Meredith's death he had to rely solely on the counsel of other people. Doubtless, many illustrious writers offered to him their counsel that Meredith's ashes should rest in the Abbey. But it were natural that a priest, holding a sort of national and official post, should mistrust the counsel of irresponsible artists, and rely rather on the advice of people as responsible and as official as himself—the sort of people whose communications to "The Times", even when the signatures are not for publication, are printed in large type. A communication signed "A Man of Letters" so appeared in "The Times" a few days ago. It was a defence of the Dean on the plea that Meredith's place in the history of literature was not yet fixed. And it ended up with a prophecy that within a generation or so Meredith might, like Thomas Love Peacock, cease to be read. Suppose that when (say?) the Poet Laureate dies, the Dean, jumping to the conclusion that the deceased was a poet, wishes him to be buried in the Abbey, would any weight be attached by the reverend gentleman to the objection that thirty years hence the writings of Alfred Austin might cease to be popular? Surely the Dean would murmur "It is no duty of mine to intrude on the book-market of the next generation—or even of this generation. I have merely to determine whether a man be in himself great enough to be interred in the precincts entrusted to me". The idea of measuring Meredith by the number of his readers present or future is only less ludicrous than the coupling of his name with Peacock's. Doubtless, in the pigmy official mind which concocted this letter there was no malice in the comparison. Peacock had an odd style of his own, and so had Meredith; and Meredith, like Peacock, will never be popular in any full sense of the word. That was enough for the pigmy official mind. In the eyes of a gnat, it may be conceived, there is no difference in size between a mole-hill and a mountain. Shrewd and good as many of the appreciations of Meredith have been, I have seen only one that properly stated Meredith's magnitude. The professional critic is always a little afraid of saying anything which might lead to an accusation of "gush". After Meredith died, it was reserved for an amateur critic, Sir Ray Lankester, to write the essential thing of him: that he was, with the sole exception of Shakespeare, the greatest man in our literature. This and that of our writers has had this and that gift as signally as Meredith. But only in Shakespeare has there been such a variety of endowment; only in him a range so ample, depths so many. In due course England will realise this. I don't mean that many hundreds of people will in any generation be reading Meredith. Very few hundreds read Shakespeare, though they care to see their favourite actors in such of his plays as contain good parts for those actors. His transcendence is taken on trust. So will Meredith's be. Then England will realise to the full how very foolish she has been made to look by the Dean's decision. No wrong has been done to Meredith himself. No honour we could pay him could be in

proportion to his greatness. He loses nothing by not being in the Abbey. A little church-yard in the country, indeed, is a happier resting-place than he could have in a temple packed with the remains of so much that in life was but pompous-small. The loss is all ours.

Whereas the Dean, according to probability, did not know that any one would be indignant, and whereas not even the united indignation of the United Kingdom would be likely to result in the curtailment of his power, Mr. Redford, the third of the censors who have been to the fore, very well knew that his refusal to license Mr. Shaw's new play would raise a sharp outcry against himself at a rather critical moment in his career. There had recently been introduced into the House of Commons a Bill for the abolition of the post that he holds; and, though of course there was little chance of it being passed this session, there were no signs of opposition to it, and there were many signs of encouragement. Yet this was the moment at which Mr. Redford, impelled by his sense of duty, and undeterred by the horrid memory of all the other scrapes which that sense of duty had pushed him into, chose to deprive our legislators of the keenly-anticipated pleasure of seeing a new play by G. B. S. Hats off to Mr. Redford! His dangerous victim has promptly done the best possible thing, by publishing to the world that little portion of the play by which Mr. Redford was offended. The fact that it is a passage which no newspaper in its senses would refuse to print for us to read shows at once the absurdity of the system by which the playgoing public is deprived of Mr. Shaw's play. Let us all dance on the prostrate body of Mr. Redford as violently as we can—but, I repeat, hat in hand.

MR. GULPIDGE AND MR. HENRY SPIKER.

"I OBSERVED that Mr. Gulpidge and Mr. Henry Spiker . . . entered into a defensive alliance against us, the common enemy, and exchanged a mysterious dialogue across the table for our defeat and overthrow.

"That affair of the first bond for four thousand five hundred has not taken the course that was expected, Spiker," said Mr. Gulpidge.

"Do you mean the D. of A.'s? " said Mr. Spiker.

"The C. of B.'s!" said Mr. Gulpidge.

"Mr. Spiker raised his eyebrows and looked much concerned.

"When the question was referred to Lord —, I needn't name him—"

"I understand," said Mr. Spiker. "N."

"Mr. Gulpidge darkly nodded. . . .

"Our friend Mr. Waterbrook will excuse me if I forbear to explain myself generally, on account of the magnitude of the interests involved."

Mr. Henry Spiker and Mr. Gulpidge ought to have been taken out and shot for their manners; but Mr. Waterbrook excused them, intoxicated by aroma of State Secrets thus breathed into his dining-room. Mr. David Copperfield and the others bore their defeat and overthrow with comic dismay, and bluff triumphed. These cryptograms of speech, cabalistic utterances, vocal and audible mystic Runes and hieroglyphics—the rarest glossological ingenuity would be wasted on them; the most daring epexegetis elucidates no meaning whatever. They yield no light, because "there is no light behind the curtain". For the purpose of defeating and overthrowing those who are not "in the know" the most meaningless remarks are the most effective and the safest. They cannot be found out, for there is nothing to find out; and though everyone may suspect there is nothing, no one can prove it. Mr. Gulpidge and Mr. Henry Spiker were delicious humbugs; but who could expose them? "It is not enough," said another Dickens character once, "that Justice should be morally certain; she must be immorally certain—legally, that is." Should any defiant person wish to be enlightened, the answer comes swiftly: "Excuse us: the magnitude of the interests involved"; and the defiant one is crushed. Often—as in this case of Mr. Gulpidge and Mr. Henry

Spiker—the defiant one is crushed in advance. Neither Gulpidge nor Spiker was unaware of his humbug. Long practice of deception ends in self-deception; self-deception becomes second-nature; second-nature entirely ousts first-nature. Gulpidge and Spiker do not live in their own direct consciousness, but in images of themselves which they fancy they perceive in other people's consciousness. Some Power the giftie has gi'en them to see themselves only as they think others see them. The Oracle of the village alehouse has no weak doubts about himself when on the strength of a former acquaintance with a House of Commons policeman he poses as an authority on Cabinet Secrets; in that pose, as reflected in his defeated and overthrown cronies, he lives, moves and has his being. One man with such faith in himself is strong; two are irresistible.

One need not explore "David Copperfield" to find Gulpidge and Spiker. They abound in the streets and clubs; they defeat and overthrow in the purlieus of the House of Commons. They ramp and roar in newspaper offices. They try to corrupt literature. There is now a distinct kind of sham literature, shaped by Mr. Gulpidge with Mr. Henry Spiker's aid. At one time we all heard too much of the "allusive school" of writers. The method of those writers was adopted by Gulpidge and Spiker. They did not invent the trick of allusion, but, being swift to avail themselves of other writers' devices, they annexed and abused it. From being an affectation it became first a poor means of self-magnification, then a profitable fraud. The allusive school was perhaps an irritating off-shoot or development of the cult of the "unusual-word", which brainless and bumptious cult copied a device of Stevenson's. He, as the perfectly fit and natural expression of the whimsical side of a remarkable personality, at times employed an obsolete, obsolescent, recondite or rare word—sometimes with extraordinary felicity and beauty of effect, sometimes with most amusing unexpectedness and incongruity. Gulpidge and Spiker at once bought dictionaries, and defeated and overthrew and mightily impressed the unlearned. Soon they drained the dictionary dry, and allusion took its place. It was much more efficacious. A cheap dictionary enabled the reader to understand what there was to understand in a magazine article of the unusual-word type; but to get at the inwardness of an article in which many authorities were alluded to, a large library did not suffice. Whatever real learning there might be was inexpugnably fortified. The authorities were never fully quoted—at most fragments were given; and the fragments often made the articles rag-heaps, tatters of the cloaks of eminent and forgotten authors. To understand them it would be necessary to know as much as the writer professed to know; and no one could hope to know as much of any subject as (for instance) Mr. Saintsbury professed to know. Reverence for learning is great in these isles, and men are loath to believe that learning may be only a pretence. And in the press if any man plays Gulpidge there are always many standing near ready to play Spiker.

We need not accuse Mr. Andrew Lang of pretending to know what he does not know, to have read deeply in authors he has barely skimmed. Yet his procedure is far too often that of Gulpidge and Spiker. Either through sheer laziness, or haste, or self-confident impatience of the shortcomings of poor ordinary mortals, Mr. Lang disdains to give, or at any rate frequently does not give, reasons for the various extraordinary faiths that are in him; when he mentions an author as supporting his views he does not trouble to tell you what the author has said. He never argues: he always "tells yer"; and if you question his authority it seems plain to him that you are an untaught fool. Let us have an example. Mr. Lang chose to make a selection from Wordsworth's poetry, and in an introduction thought he had occasion to defeat and overthrow those who perversely, idiotically differed from him with regard to Wordsworth's nature-descriptions. This was not to be tolerated. The uselessness of showing the offenders their error was apparent to Mr. Lang. The only course was to crush them. "Mr. Ruskin has said something about that", snapped Mr. Lang, as if that was sufficient. But was this so crushing? Were the defeat and over-

throw real? If Ruskin were used as a bludgeon to defeat and overthrow us we should require to know what saying of Ruskin Mr. Lang thought conclusive. Even the superiority of a Lang may be questioned; we may decline to take his word for everything. Not so long ago Mr. Swinburne rebelled against these off-hand prefaces of Mr. Lang, and spoke of a "cartload of rubbish shot on Dickens' front doorstep". The phrase was a contemptuous one; and it is remembered.

Unusual-wordiness and allusiveness pervade the pages of cheap novelists who wish to give their twaddle a literary flavour and to defeat and to overthrow the many- (if empty-) headed by seeming to be profound. The methods of Maeterlinck and Mr. Henry James alike are employed by Gulpidge and Spiker. It is easy to write ten pages during which one character says significantly "Ah!" and another who understands the reference, "That is so"; it is equally easy to hint at the deep significance of these remarks. But in fiction, and indeed elsewhere, a still easier device is now employed. Gulpidge no longer hints at dark, hidden things: he boldly enunciates a commonplace and as boldly insists that his readers did not know it before. Outside fiction (and indeed literature), in Mr. Saintsbury's *Life of Dryden* *passim* "only special students can be expected to know" this or that bit of information that most of us picked up in our schooldays. The reader is either defeated and overthrown by the splendour of the learning or, realising that the statement is not new to him, warms himself with the thought that he and Mr. Saintsbury are indeed "in the know". In fiction Mr. Maurice Hewlett will not share with anyone: he alone is the people, and wisdom would die with him if he did not write stories. Out of the once inoffensive pronoun "you" he draws an effect of impudent condescension, insolent patronage, which even Mr. Saintsbury cannot beat. He everlastingly implies that "you" don't know things, and that he alone does, by informing "you" that he is going to tell "you". When all is said and done these things are rarely worth putting on paper; but Mr. Hewlett has a fine bulky vein of subconscious stupidity that enables him to write with intense conviction and impress the Waterbrooks and defeat and overthrow the rest of us. He is also a devotee of the unusual word—generally a wrong one, for his literary instinct is something between that of a mole and that of a guinea-pig. His characters cannot walk or run—they "slipper"; and in the fulness of time the "skirt". New verbs *must* be found to describe human-movements or the accompaniment of those movements.

When we go out into the world and mix with our fellows we carry our lives in our hands. If we accept an invitation to dine with Mr. Waterbrook, we must take our chance of encountering Mr. Gulpidge and Mr. Henry Spiker. These are among the hazards and dangers of modern social existence. But have they any right, moral or immoral, to molest us in the sacred privacy of our homes? If we settle down to read our paper or review, are we to be terrified, defeated and overthrown by finding Mr. Spiker holding forth in obscure language to an imaginary Gulpidge; is Mr. Gulpidge to knock us flat with facts or figures for which he gives no authority; nay, is a Mr. Lang to tell us that Ruskin, or any other author, has killed us in advance, without the courtesy of showing us the manner of our demise? These questions answer themselves. Unusual-wordiness is almost gone out, yet let us beg writers not to drive us to a dictionary without good reason—the reason, namely, that the word, besides being rare, is the best word, the simplest that conveys the whole meaning. In the hands of a genuine and original writer allusion, even quotation, is the means by which original thought is uttered; it serves a creative purpose. But we implore authors, if they allude at all, not to allude in conundrums—to tell us what they mean and what they wish us to know, not merely to hint that they know and we don't. Above all, we implore them not to insist bullyingly that we don't know that there are milestones on the Dover road. Perhaps we do know. We do not always consider the author's superior learning worth having.

A SEBASTIANIST.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

HE must have been the very last of his extraordinary sect, and naturally all those who knew him tapped their foreheads or wagged their fingers to and fro before their faces when they spoke of him, and said that he was mad. For all that, in the ordinary affairs of life he did not seem much madder than are other people, but went about his usual avocations as if he thought that he would live for ever, just as they did themselves. Still, looked at without prejudice, his strange belief that Dom Sebastian was not dead, but by magician's art had been conveyed away to some mysterious middle region of the earth after the fateful battle of Alcázar-el-Kebir, and would return again to claim his throne, was not much stranger than are other faiths which we all take on trust. Men reasoned with him, and to all they said he merely answered, "He will return some day"; and fixed in that belief he took his evening walk, when the day's work was done, upon a terrace that looked out upon the sea, in the small town in Portugal in which he lived, to welcome home the king.

A little, wizened-looking man, with a large head to which a few scant locks of hair still clung, as mistletoe clings to an apple bough, and long grey whiskers like a fish's fins, Dom Jeremias always dressed in black, and his grave manners, with his waistcoat stained with snuff, gave him an air as if he was connected either with the Church or law. What heightened the illusion was the faint odour of stale incense that hung about his clothes, his frequent pious exclamations, and an air as if under no circumstance whatever could he have gained his livelihood at any business that required strict attention or needed much communication with mankind. Constant in church, after Our Lady, whom he adored with as much tender veneration as if he had been under personal obligation to her for the continual miracle of life, he was devoted most to S. Sebastian, the saint whose name the Cardinal Dom Enrique had given to the king for whose return he confidently looked, at the baptismal font.

Being as he was a man more fit, as goes the saying (in the Spains), for God than man, his business could not have gone on for a year without his ruin, had not his sisters, Maria Agueda and Peregrina, looked after it, keeping the books and seeing into everything, whilst they pretended to consult him as to the smallest detail of the shop. His days he spent behind the counter, seated on a rush-bottomed chair, with his feet resting on an esparto mat, a cigarette, usually smoked down to the stump, between his lips, and with a wicker cage in which was an extremely plethoric decoy partridge swinging above his head. Piles of rough plates made in Manizes stood in the corners of the shop upon the red-brick floor, and on rough, ill-planned shelves were ranged strange little bulgy mugs, earthenware pipkins, flower-pots which looked as if they had been dug up from a Roman tomb, and jars of various sizes to hold oil, glazed a metallic green. His sisters jangled with customers and gossiped with their friends, whilst he occasionally cast his accounts in a long, narrow dog-eared ledger, so thumbed that the soft cardboard of which the binding was composed, was bare about the edges and frayed into a pulp.

Flies buzzed in myriads about the shop, flying between the links of the long chain of coloured paper which dangled from the roof, with a soft, rustling noise. The shop itself looked out upon a winding street paved with rough cobble-stones, the outside walls of many of the houses springing up from the summit of the cliffs which overhung the sea. The day would slip past imperceptibly, unless a neighbour chanced to look in and set him talking on his hobby, on which once mounted he became another man, and by degrees got heated with the argument, and set forth all the reasons that appeared valid to him, to account for his belief. "Nobody saw him die," he would exclaim, "for Mesa clearly is not worthy of belief, writing as he did in the Spanish interest after the crowns were joined. Now, if he did not die, and if the Lord of Heaven is omnipotent, is it not possible that for wise

reasons of his own he may have chosen to preserve him, and will again, when the fit moment comes, let him return again to earth to manifest his might? Franchi, who wrote his life, is doubtful, and it is known that many persons of good fame swore on their death-beds they had seen the king, years after the great fight."

If, on the other hand, no one looked in but a chance customer or two, and nothing broke the languor of the day but the flies buzzing or the harsh cry of water-sellers in the street, late in the afternoon he made his preparations for a stroll. Standing a moment in front of the brown picture of a saint stuck in a corner and lighted by a lamp, he prayed a little, then after crossing himself elaborately, both on the breast and mouth, would take his hat from off the wall, where it hung dangling from a nail, and light a cigarette. This operation he performed from a brass chafing-dish in which a piece of charcoal always lay ready to be blown to a white heat. Next, calling for his cloak, which he wore all the year to keep out cold or to exclude the heat, according to the season, he turned towards his sisters, saying "I think I shall just stroll towards the cliff, to look out for a sail". Then with a pious exclamation, or perhaps after quoting an old saw with the air of having lived through the experience himself, he stepped into the street.

Once there, he generally stopped for a moment as if he was about to take a resolution, though he had followed the same path for years, and then turned towards the sea. His friends who passed him on the way usually asked him, with a serious air, after the health of Dom Sebastian and when he was expected to return. To their inquiries he said nothing, but, smiling gravely, touched his hat punctiliously, passing along the street till it led out upon an open, grassy space that overlooked the sea. Then, sitting down and taking up his telescope, he looked out seaward, scanning the horizon till his eyeballs ached to catch a glimpse of the returning caravel which should bring back the king, still young and gallant, just as he was on John the Baptist's Day, when the fleet weighed on the full tide from Belem, three hundred years ago.

These were his happiest moments, for there was none to mock at him, and by degrees he generally passed off to that interior world of visions which men like Jeremias make for themselves out of the pia mater of their brains, as a retreat against the nullity of life, in a world made from nothing. Dom Jeremias heard the cannons roar, and saw the king upon the poop, bands played, and all the housetops looked like rose gardens with women, some joyful, seeing the king so confident and others thinking that, as the historian wisely hath it, no battle ever yet was fought without blood flowing, and that the spawn of Mahomet was a stout foe to beard in his own territory. A great and lucid spectacle it was; at least Sebastian Mesa says so, and we can take him at his word, seeing that he was curate of the parish of S. Just and commissary of the Holy Office of the Inquisition in the most loyal, noble, and crowned city of Madrid, and capital of Spain.

All passed before the eyes of the man dozing on the cliff, just as things pass before the eyes of those who look into the camera obscura of the world and have no power to alter or to aid, by the least tittle, those whom they see upon the road to ruin, for all their willingness. He saw the ship that bore the standard of the king foul a great bark from Flanders, carrying away its figurehead and part of its jib-boom, and, when a man was killed just by Sebastian's side by the chance bursting of a gun, Dom Jeremias held his breath, muttering that someone surely had the evil eye amongst his followers.

Galleons and galleasses, with caravels, fly-boats, and galleys with the Moorish slaves all tugging at the oars, he saw, watching them till they disappeared down the round-sided world and vanished into space. He saw them anchor in the Bay of Lagos of the Algarvés, to take aboard Francisco de Tabora and the men that he had raised. There they remained four days, which seemed a little strange to Jeremias, knowing as he did the king's eagerness, and when they got to Cadiz, where they embarked the forces under the orders of the Ambassador of Spain, he longed to go ashore and help the preparations, for the delay but served to put spurs on his heels,

as Mesa said it did on those of Dom Sebastian as he lay idly in the port.

Tangier was reached successfully, and though he cursed him for a misbelieving dog, Dom Jeremias still was glad that the Sherif Mulai Mohamed was there and waiting for the king with a large force of Moors. Half waking and half sleeping, he would sit musing upon his visions in his waking moments, and, when he dozed, seeing that which he thought about awake, unrolled before his eyes. Being a simple-minded man, he was not puffed up by the thought that he alone remained, faithful to the delusion which had brought all the happiness he knew into his life, for faith, like virtue, is its own reward, though he may still have had a little pride in his sincerity. So may a Jesuit in the old times in Paraguay, in the recesses of the Tarumensian woods, meeting his unknown martyrdom alone, certain his death would be unchronicled and his bones moulder into dust without a hand to throw a little earth upon them, still have rejoiced that he had found the strength to stand his torture, and for a moment looked up with a smile, before the club descended or the swift arrow plunged into his heart.

Waking or sleeping, he still followed as he sat, the fortunes of the expedition, seeing it disembark near the small, grassy knoll where now the saint house nestles in its palms outside Arcila, knowing it was an error not to have gone on to Laraché and taken it at once. This saddened him, though he reflected that even kings are liable to err, a fact the Lord permits, no doubt to show them they are human; and so fell musing on his hero's grace of person, his wit and gravity of bearing, his pleasantness in all his commerce with mankind, and boundless courtesy. Much did it please him to reflect, when he thought on the world in which he lived, that in Sebastian's heart no malice or suspicion ever found a place, that he was open in his dealings, patient in hardships to a miracle, looked kindly on the faults of others, and never once condemned a man to death, in his brief journey through his life of four-and-twenty years.

In everything proportioned like a king (as says Sebastian Mesa), he saw him, active, alert, short-waisted, legs long and bowed from riding in his youth, of middle height and fair, with a thin beard and eyes large, blue and open, which seemed to look beyond the man he spoke to, into the firmament. Still he gazed on the fated expedition, and saw it march towards Alcázar-el-Kebir, encamp upon the west bank of the Wad-el-M'hassen, and awake early on the fourth of August (S. Domingo's Day), to find the enemy in countless numbers, blackening the plain. He saw the king, like an experienced captain, set his host in array; and then, when all was ready, Dom Jeremias seemed to hear him tell them to call to prayers, and see the Jesuit, Father Alexander, raise up a crucifix on high, so that it was in view of all the soldiery. When the king kneeled before his kneeling troops Dom Jeremias fervently crossed himself and prayed for his success. He saw him, still upon his knees, receive the message from his second in command, that they were waiting for the signal to advance, rise up and at a bound, armed as he was, spring on the back of a black horse of middle size, not gay to look at, but the best bitted and most fit for war of all the horses either in Portugal or Spain.

Long did the battle rage, with varying success, till about eventide, when everything was lost, he saw the king charge with a knight or two into the thickest of the enemy and battle furiously. Then, losing sight of him and when the sounds of warfare had grown dimmer in his ears, he seemed to find himself upon the ramparts of Arcila and listen to the voice of a mysterious stranger asking for shelter, and, when the guard refused, saw him turn away desperately and ride into the night. This vision strengthened his belief that the king had escaped alive; so when the evening breeze brought Jeremias back into a world in which he was the one Sebastianist alive he used to rise and, throwing back his cloak, walk homewards, his spirit shaken by the scene that he had conjured up, and his faith magnified.

He died as he had lived, and when they found his body

seated on the cliff, his eyes, wide open, staring out across the sea, his telescope was lying by his side, with the brass cap, fixed firmly down with rust, over the object-glass.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

IT is curious to notice how certain species of British plants love to frequent the vicinity of roads. They seem to prefer the grassy wastes and mossy banks, the hedgerows and ditches that border our lanes and thoroughfares to more sequestered localities. Even in these days of scientific road-making, when the highways are under the control of county councils, and waysides and hedges are kept in trim and orderly condition, it is remarkable how many interesting wild flowers continue to blossom by the roadside.

There must have been still more of them before the wide stretches of greensward and rough herbage contiguous to the public roads were taken in and brought under cultivation. In Chaucer's days, when in "the moneth of May" the pious folk followed the pilgrims' way to Canterbury,

"The holy blisful marter for to seeke",

what a wealth of wild flowers must have met their gaze! In later ages, we know from Pepys' Diary and other contemporary documents, the high roads often ran for many miles together through unenclosed country, and that what is now an endless succession of fields and meadows and homesteads was then rough moorland and swampy fen. We have, too, the records of several of our early botanists, and it is a fascinating task to follow in the footsteps of Gerarde and Ray, of Johnson and Goodyer and Turner, as they travelled on horseback in search of simples along the high roads and through the bye-ways of the country. A perusal of their writings, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, reveals the abundance of rare and interesting species which then flowered beside the public thoroughfares.

Old Master Gerarde, that excellent "Master in Chirurgie" and "chief Herbalist" to James I., the owner likewise at Holborn of one of the finest physic-gardens in England, where he cultivated "near eleven hundred sorts of plants", spent much time in thus moving about the country. The county of Essex was well known to him, and as he rode along "the Colchester highway from Londonward between Esterford"—now known as Kelvedon—"and Wittam", he noticed "by the wayes side" the small greene leaved Hounds tongue, a rare and choice plant "against the biting of dogs". The Lesser Teasell or Shepherds-rod he found growing beside the highway "leading from Braintree to Henningham castle in Essex, and not in any other place except here and there a plant upon the highway from Much-Dunmow to London". John Ray, too, was accustomed to make what he calls "Itineraries" in search of rare plants, and the records of several of these expeditions have fortunately been preserved. He frequently mentions choice plants as growing by the highway. The Maiden Pink he noticed "by the Roadsides on the sandy Hill you ascend going from Lenton to Nottingham, plentifully"; and the "Least Hares-ear on a bank by the Northern Road a little beyond Huntingdon". The very rare Lizard orchis he found growing on the right-hand side of the "great High-way going to a village called Grimsteed-Green from Dartford in Kent". In his Welsh Itinerary he noticed the Cambrian poppy "by the wayside near the upper end of Llanberis pool". Passing from Cornwall into Devon, "on the hill which you ascend, after you are come over the passage to go to Plymouth", the exceedingly rare *Eryngium campestre* was growing in plenty. "I do not remember", he adds, "to have seen it anywhere else in England." It is interesting to know that the plant was flourishing on the very same spot last summer. Numberless other instances might be quoted. The Dwale or Deadly Nightshade was growing "in a ditch by the highway side near Alton in Hampshire" when Dr. Robert Turner passed along the road about the year 1660; and

shortly before that date Mr. John Goodyer, a famous botanist, saw enough maidenhair spleenwort growing on the banks of the road "between Rake and Headley neere Wollmer Forest", to "lode an horse therewith"; and as he passed an inclosure "on the right hand side of the way as you go from Droxford to Poppie hill in Hampshire" he noticed "the Bastard Tode-flax flowing abundantly".

These wide stretches of turf beside the public roads, on which the gipsies were wont to encamp, remained untouched until comparatively modern times. In his "Lovers' Journey", our poet-botanist, George Crabbe, describes the road, beside which he found many interesting plants, which lay between Aldeburgh and Beccles. First "O'er a barren heath beside the coast," it ran; then "through lanes of burning sand", where the dark poppy flourished on the dry and sterile soil; across "common pasture wild and wide", past "scatter'd hovels on the barren green", over the "high-raised dam, with level fen on either side", where "a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom", beside "the rushy moor where the rare moss in secret shade is found". At length the country again becomes enclosed, and "See!" he says:

"The wholesome wormwood grows beside the way,
Where dew-press'd yet the dog-rose bends the spray;
Fresh herbs the fields, fair shrubs the banks adorn,
And snow-white bloom falls flaky from the thorn;
No fostering hand they need, no sheltering wall;
They spring uncultured, and they bloom for all".

The condition of the countryside has doubtless greatly changed since George Crabbe wrote his famous "Tales". Still, in spite of the Commons Inclosure Act of 1845 and the consequent reclaiming of countless miles of roadside wastes, and the stubbing up of banks and hedgerows, many beautiful plants continue to flourish by the highway. Now, as in the sixteenth century, the wild elematis, named by Gerarde the Travellers-Joy because of its habit of "decking and adorning waies and hedges where people travel", gladdens the eyes with its fine white tufts of feathered seed-vessels which have earned for the plant its popular name of old-man's-beard. In the month of June the brambles are in flower along the tangled hedgerows, and the lovely dog-roses, and the fragrant honeysuckle. Many of our native shrubs, too, blossom on the banks by the wayside—the dogwood, the spindle-tree, the privet, the buckthorn; and, sweetest of all, the may.

In the chalky districts of Hampshire there is no more characteristic plant along the roadsides than the Dark Mullein, a tall and handsome species with long, crowded spikes of bright yellow flowers, the stamens of which are covered with purple hairs. Sometimes, in company with the Dark Mullein, a few plants of the Wild Chicory with its large delicate sky-blue flowers will be seen, but not often, for it is a rare plant in Hampshire. In other counties, however, it is more frequently met with. We once noticed it, in remarkable abundance, gracing the roadside near Medmenham, in Bucks, not far from the site of the old abbey, formerly a convent of Cistercian monks; and we know it well in West Cornwall. The Shepherds-rod of the old herbalist, "the knobbed heads of which are no bigger than a nutmeg", though but seldom seen in Hampshire, has yet managed to maintain its position in several places by the roadside for a long series of years. On the London road to Gosport, between the villages of Chawton and Farrington, the tall and stately plant presents a dignified appearance in the thick hedgerow that borders the thoroughfare. In a similar situation, a few miles further on, a large patch of the scarce soapwort makes a fine show with its handsome flesh-coloured flowers. Another rare Hampshire species, the Spreading Campanula, marked by its loose panicles of cup-shaped flowers of a light purple hue, still flourishes on a steep bank beside the high road on the very spot where it was first noticed by a distinguished botanist, who afterwards became Dean of Winchester, nearly a century ago.

In the West of England several choice plants, strange to the eye of an East Anglian, may sometimes be seen on

the roadsides. In the neighbourhood of Dartmouth the lovely Green Alkanet, with broad, ovate leaves, and exquisite flowers of a rich azure blue, is not uncommon. It is so striking a flower that the most unobservant traveller could hardly fail to notice it. We have also met with it on the hedge banks around Saltash, where the Wild or Bastard Balm is also found. This latter plant, though less beautiful, is even more conspicuous than the Green Alkanet, and its large creamy-white flowers blotched with pink or purple have a handsome appearance against the dark herbage of the hedgerow. In several localities in the district we noticed the Bastard Balm, among others "on a woody bank by a comb to the south of Saltash", perhaps the very spot where John Ray "first found it growing in great plenty on July 5th, 1662".

On the other hand, the eastern counties can show wayside flowers which are unknown in the West. The very rare Lesser Green-leaved Hound's-tongue found by John Ray "in London Road near Witham, but more plentifully about Braxted by the way-sides" has never travelled as far as Devon or Cornwall. In parts of Essex, especially in the north of the county, about Saffron Walden and Finchingfield, a striking clover peculiar to a few of the eastern counties will often be noticed on the wastes that border the roads. It is known as the Sulphur-coloured clover, and its large heads of dull yellow flowers can hardly escape observation. John Ray mentions it as growing on the roadsides about Cherry Hinton in Cambridgeshire, and it is also to be seen, together with the Lesser Calamint, by his old home at Black Notley in Essex. The Lesser Calamint is an attractive aromatic plant with light purple flowers, and in late summer and autumn it is one of the most characteristic of Essex wayside plants. As one travels in August along the high road near Thorpe-le-Soken, in the vicinity of Walton-on-the-Naze, a tall plant with large umbels of yellow flowers may be seen flourishing on the sides of the ditch that divides the roadway from the marshes beyond. For a space of some twenty or thirty yards it has taken possession of the wayside. Its interest lies, not merely in its great rarity—it only grows in one or two localities in England—but still more in the fact that it was growing on the same spot, and that spot within a few feet of the high road, as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Gerard found it there, and speaks of it as Suphurwort, for "the roots thereof, as big as a man's thigh, are full of yellow sap or liquor, smelling not much unlike brimstone called sulphur, which hath induced some to call it Suphurwort". It was afterwards noticed by the great Essex naturalist, John Ray, and there it was last summer in conspicuous abundance "by the high-way side".

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD MORLEY'S INDIAN REFORMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bengal, 26 April 1909.

SIR,—In the ocean of vague talk about the propriety of giving Indians a larger share in the government of the country a few facts may not be out of place. It is a commonplace of even the moderate among those who are so loud in their demands that Government takes an unduly large proportion of the earnings of the cultivator by way of land tax—the implication being that if Indians had the management of affairs all this would be changed. There are in a district with which I am acquainted two large estates managed directly by Government. In these the rent varies, according to the quality of land, from twelve annas to two rupees per bigha (the local standard of measurement, equal to one-third of an acre), and the average may be taken as one rupee four annas. There is only one crop, namely rice, and the average outturn is ten maunds per bigha (1 maund=80 lb.), while the selling price this year is two rupees per maund. That is to say, out of twenty rupees which the land yields he pays one rupee four annas to Government. Even after deducting cost of cultivation, which, as every raiyat is his own labourer, does not amount to much, it cannot be

said that Government takes an excessive portion of his gains. Now side by side with these Government estates there are certain large blocks of land which at the last settlement thirty years ago were let on lease to private persons at very moderate rates, with power to settle under-tenants on the land. They have for the most part settled on produce rents, in all cases taking one-half of the crop of each field as their share. This in itself is a sufficient contrast to what obtains in the Government estates, but it is not all. The conduct of these landlords to their tenants has been without exception oppressive to the last degree. It is the commonest thing among them, after they have got their share of the crop, to refuse to give a receipt, and subsequently to sue the unfortunate tenant in the civil court for arrears of the rent he has in fact paid. And yet nothing can be done. We have established legal procedure in its most rigorous applications, and we must abide by the result; as law depends on evidence, and as evidence in India can be bought for a mere song, especially when one party is a powerful zemindar and the other a poor raiyat, it is difficult to see what could be done under the present system. In the settlement of land revenue now in progress here it was proposed not to renew the leases as their term had expired, and to make direct settlement with the raiyats, or at least to commute the produce rents for money rents. This has of course been resisted tooth and nail by the landlords, yet under any system of representation these landlords will form a considerable proportion of the electorate, and may be returned as members to the Legislative Council. It does not require much imagination to predict how the interests of the cultivators, the vast majority of the population, would fare at their hands.

The other chief class which will be represented is the legal practitioners, who, incidentally, usually invest the profits of their profession in land and themselves become landlords. The attitude of the rank and file—for there are honourable exceptions—is clearly seen from the following. It is a fact which admits of no controversy that touts exist in large numbers in the villages whose sole business is to find out cases of ill-feeling between neighbours, to foment the quarrel, to persuade the party who considers himself aggrieved to get up a case, either wholly false or grossly exaggerated, against his opponent, and when he has succeeded in this to bring his victim to the particular member of the Bar whom he favours. It is true that many of these cases are settled out of court before they have gone very far, but meanwhile the unfortunate man has had to pay out right and left—to the tout, to his witnesses, to the legal gentleman and his clerks—and he gets no advantage which he could not equally well have obtained by a peaceable settlement at the hands of the headman of his village. All the money spent is pure waste, and merely goes to enrich those whom Lord Curzon rightly described as "sharks in human disguise".

This letter is already long, but, in conclusion, I should like to quote a sentence from an editorial in the last issue of the "Hindustan Review", a paper which, as papers go in this country, is scrupulously moderate. Speaking of the Indian Civil Service, it describes it as "this body which, like the Bourbons of old, never learns and never forgets anything, and which is the ancient and consistent enemy of all progress and every righteous cause". The attitude of mind displayed augurs well, does it not? for the day when gentlemen of the stamp of the writer form a majority on the Legislative Council.

Yours etc., A BUREAUCRAT.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 Stanley Gardens W.

SIR,—It was with a feeling of dismay that I read the views expressed in your leading article of 22 May in commenting on the very careful and reasonable ruling of the two judges in the case of Canon Thompson's refusal to administer the Communion to two persons legally married according to the Canadian law in that country, a marriage very shortly afterwards, by the passing of the Act of 1907, rendered valid in this country.

If the Church of England is, as you express it, "within measurable reach of a disaster", it will be a disaster brought upon her, even in the eyes of her own members, by her own act. There could, indeed, be no greater disaster than to find the Church of England persisting in setting herself against the law of the country she is supposed to represent, and pronouncing, even technically, that two persons living together in lawful marriage are "notorious evil-livers".

There can be only one reason why any marriage should be rendered illegal either in civil or ecclesiastical law, yet it is the one most persistently overlooked, namely, that certain marriages between persons of close blood-relationship are believed or proved to be productive of deleterious effects upon the offspring, whom it is, or should be, the care of the State to safeguard.

The question is wholly a physical or medical one, not one in which fancied sentiment ought to find any place whatsoever. Now, I do not think that it has ever been contended that marriage with a deceased wife's sister, who is no more a blood relation than any other woman in the world, has ever had any ill effects upon the children; it is, in the nature of things, impossible that any such ill effects should occur. Yet the conscience of the Church of England, which your leader writer contends is "sullied" by these marriages, contemplates with equanimity, and gives its benediction to, the marriage of close blood-relations like first cousins, the disastrous effects of which upon the community Nature herself is perpetually proving to us. The Church even assists with apparently unsullied conscience the union of persons known to be tainted with lunacy, consumption, and other diseases transmittable and constantly transmitted to offspring. Surely this kind of conscience, lay or clerical, requires to be re-orientated by a more enlightened consideration of scientific facts.

The melancholy reflection is that in this case the Church, instead of welcoming a measure directed towards public morality, has allowed the sentimental prejudices of a few rich persons, who are well able to look after themselves, to weigh against the possibility of a decent and wholesome life for hundreds of poor persons who must live in conditions of the closest intimacy day and night; morally, if the law permits them so to do, but if not, necessarily immorally.

If the sister is the natural nurse of the dying married sister, is she not also the natural, often the only possible, guardian and mother to the motherless children, and of necessity therefore the companion of the widower? And what does that mean, in a one or two or even a three roomed dwelling? Is not this gain to the nation's morality worth, in any case, the gift of a legalised union to a few rich persons who have married from the best of all reasons, intimate knowledge of and affection for each other, perfectly innocently, by the laws of nature and medicine, which are the laws of God?

We all pity Canon Thompson and the clergy, who, like him, are placed by their bishops in this impossible position. But the fault does not lie with the law of the land but with the Church itself.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,

ELEANOR HULL.

[Our correspondent's canon would allow a man, no doubt with her approval, to marry his step-daughter, his mother-in-law, or his daughter-in-law. Most decent people would object to these marriages. What our correspondent means by the Church "representing" the law of the country we do not know. At its face value the phrase is sheer nonsense.—ED. S. R.]

CARLYLE OR CROMWELL'S BLUNDER?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Amsterdam, April 1909.

SIR,—Having had occasion to re-read lately "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches with Elucidations", by Thomas Carlyle, I was much struck by a certain passage about which I would seek enlightenment. In Oliver

Cromwell's opening speech of the first Protectorate Parliament on 4 September 1654 (Speech 11, Part VIII. of Carlyle's book) reference is made to the various peace treaties lately concluded by the Commonwealth with Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Portugal. The passage reads thus: "You have a Peace concluded with the Crown of Portugal; which Peace, though it hung long in hand, yet is lately concluded. It is a Peace which your Merchants made us believe is of good concernment to their trade; *the rate of insurance to that Country having been higher, and so the profit which could bear such rate, than to other places.*" The words italicised by me are, as I take it, Carlyle's, and are interpolated by him as an "elucidation" of the original, which latter he also gives in a note—namely, "their assurance being greater and so their profit in trade thither than to other places".

Now, sir, with all due respect to the Sage of Chelsea, I cannot help thinking that the meaning of the original, far from being elucidated by the alteration adopted in the text, has been, on the contrary, very much obscured by it. What was it these merchants of the Commonwealth had given its Lord Protector to understand about the matter? "That the peace lately concluded with Portugal was of good concernment to their trade, their assurance being greater, and so their profit in trade, thither, than to other places." The above phrase, I would humbly advance, is as clear as a phrase can be; the merchants simply had implied that war and all the risks appertaining thereunto having ended, these latter need no longer be taken into consideration, the nett results therefore being correspondingly improved.

And to one other point also I would draw your attention. There is a curious anomaly in Carlyle's reading of the sentence, even admitting the assurance matter to have been in Cromwell's thought. For surely, whatever the wording of the phrase may have been when spoken by the Lord Protector, its purport was to illustrate the benefit of the peace just concluded, while the words as given by Carlyle would tend to demonstrate exactly the reverse. Carlyle writes: "The rate of insurance to that country having been higher and so the profit which could bear such rate than to other places". Or, in other words, whilst war was raging the rate of insurance was high, hence the profit, which would bear so high a rate. Hence the profits in the Portugal trade were high in war time. But why, then, should peace be of good concernment to this trade? Shall we have to arrive at the conclusion that either the commentator has put virtual nonsense in the mouth of his hero, or else that Cromwell himself . . . ? K. D. W. BOISSEvain.

[If the words italicised are Carlyle's, why should he have made the mistake, when he had got the matter right in his note? This note seems more like a sensible explanation by Carlyle of unintelligible language used by Cromwell; and, as Carlyle knew, Cromwell's language was often very confused.—ED. S. R.]

SCOTTISH MOORLAND SHEEP-STOCKS AND "ACCLIMATISATION".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Farnham, 26 May 1909.

SIR,—Specifically "Scot" admits every point you made in your leading article or I made in my letter, yet by dint of solemn language in abundance he contrives to suggest that you and I are thoroughly in the wrong! However, I had as well answer "Scot's" questions.

1. I have never said that a tenant who on entry paid a bonus on the stock should not on his outgoing have the bonus taken into consideration.

2. I did not say that the doctrine of acclimatisation originated in an intent to defraud; but I do say that whenever its potentialities were realised, it became the basis of a monstrous system of wrong-doing.

3. It is absurd to assume that a sheep-farmer is the only man in the world who is entitled to evade an

ordinary business risk by arbitrarily transferring it, through the working of "professional sympathy", to the other party in the contract. His possible losses through deaths among the flock should be taken into account when he determines the rent he is to offer—then, and then only.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANOTHER SCOT.

[We associate ourselves with what our correspondent says in answer to "Scot's" first question. In our leading article we made no remark as to how that particular dilemma was to be escaped. We merely stated the case. Now we have only to say that if the burden of the dilemma fell upon the tenants instead of on the landlords, there would very soon be an endeavour by Parliament to set things right. As matters stand, what the Government are willing to do is to legalise the system of wrong-doing and to widen its range.—ED. S. R.]

"ROMANCE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 June 1909.

SIR,—I have just read the article on the above in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW. It is both very interesting and very weird; but why so gloomy? Lord Dunsany seems only to see the dim, enchanted forest filled with grisly shapes and echoing with mocking laughter; or the gloomy "halls of Gramarye". He cares nothing for "the fair fields of old romance". The Master tells us how "the summer sun did smile" on King Arthur riding forth, and how, when he came to the wondrous castle, he found within

"Not wizard fell, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb",

but something quite different.

I see the knights riding forth to tourney or battle with gleaming armour and dancing plumes. Lord Dunsany seems only to see "the dreary lists with slaughter dyed". Truly their end generally was not bright. Roland, Tristram, peerless Lancelot, all had indeed to go through the gloom. Perhaps we may except Arthur himself and Ogier the Dane. But before the end they had many sunny and glorious days, and of these Lord Dunsany seems to take no account; though of course it may be that I do not fully grasp his meaning. But why also does Romance dwell in Nineveh? Nineveh is far away; and too far away seem the days of Nimrod and Ashur. Rather should I place the dwelling of Romance in Camelot and Joyous Gard or in the mountains round Roncesvalles.

Yours etc.,

IVANHOE.

ABBREVIATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Saint Brummagem's Day, 24 May 1909.

SIR,—I have observed with awe and approval that we write S. when we mean Saint: awe because we sail very near the wind of pedantry when we drive to S. Pancras or suffer from S. Vitus' dance; approval because a saint must not be confused with a street. But I venture to suggest that all abbreviations are barbarous. Hustlers may be driven to them if they still write with pens, but printers have moments to spare, and can be paid to write a monosyllable at full length.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HERBERT VIVIAN.

"A SOCIAL ANTISEPTIC."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glenburnie Cottage, Aberdeen,
22 May 1909.

SIR,—The article under the above heading in your issue of to-day's date contains an instance of political thinking so amazing in its confusions that, if only because bad arguments sometimes injure good causes, it

should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. "Twenty years ago," says the writer of that article, "there was a conception of 'The Social Organism' as a live thing, an organic unity, with human beings for its cells, a self-conscious structure", etc. Now, you must choose one thing or the other. You may compare a society to an organism or you may compare it to a "self-conscious structure", but not to both at once. An organism is not self-conscious, and a self-conscious structure does not consist of cells. It may be well to compare social adjustments with the internal economy of a dog, but it is not well to speak of them as at the same time the results of intelligent action. Digestion is not a process of thought, though doubtless a connexion might be established.

But next, when the writer drops the "self-conscious structure" and makes an attempt to keep within the limits of his analogy, the result is surprising. Some of the cells, curiously enough—for we were told that the human units are the cells of the organism—become "microbes", which prey on other cells. One enterprising microbe actually "sits tight and looks for the limbs he can lop to feed his followers"! There are also "millions of other ballot-loving bacteria", and we must, I suppose, either convert these back again into cells or, failing this impossible physiological feat, expel them, the human units, from the organism.

It would serve little purpose to examine further in detail the amazing applications of the analogy. The fact is that to explain society in terms of organism is impossible, because it is to explain the higher by the lower and essentially different form of unity. There may be points of resemblance, and it may be useful at times to insist on these, but the habit of thought which translates social life and institutions into terms of organism is dangerous and misleading. Your contributor cites Herbert Spencer as a champion of this type of thought. May not his persistent attempt to apply the "biological analogy" in the social sphere account for the comparative unimportance already attached to much of that philosopher's work?

Yours etc.,

R. M. MACIVER.

BANCROFT BABBLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster S.W.

28 May 1909.

SIR,—As a mere "man in the street", permit me to offer a tribute of gratitude for the well-deserved and timely rebuke administered in your review entitled "Bancroft Babble". Opinions may differ as to Sir Henry Irving's proper place in the histrionic firmament, but, apart from the actor, he had a sound sense of proportion, which accounts for his leaving no autobiography—hence, notwithstanding the volumes of "Reminiscences", "Memoirs", and fulsome "Appreciations" in the I-knew-him Horatio vein, little or nothing is known of the real man. He remains a Sphinx to the curious, and his true admirers would have it so. If ever a man was privileged to record his reminiscences it was Henry Irving with his wonderful and varied career and his close association with the world of men for over forty years; but he never gave us "Henry Irving On the Stage and Off", by Henry Irving, or "Recollections of Sixty Years". Let this be accounted unto him for righteousness.

The cult of the mummer has reached alarming proportions, and it is high time that our actors realised that for the public the actor's life begins and ends with the rise and fall of the curtain. The wholesome advice tendered to Garrick by the author of the "Letters of Junius" applies with tenfold force to the modern actor. The apotheosis of the young lady of fifteen was surely attained when, a year or so ago, a young person still in the pigtail period favoured the public and her callow admirers with a literary production which purported to convey her "impressions" received in the course of transition from the schoolroom to the stage.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERMANN ERSKINE.

REVIEWS.

RIPE SCHOLARSHIP.

"Essays of Poets and Poetry, Ancient and Modern."
By T. Herbert Warren. London: Murray. 1909.
10s. 6d. net.

IT is interesting and even significant that the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge should each have published a substantial book in the course of their respective periods of office. The number of books published in similar circumstances must be small indeed! Yet the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge has issued an elaborate biography of Bishop Wilkinson, while the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford presents us with a collection of literary essays, erudite in substance and graceful in form. Of course, in both cases, the books were practically completed before the Vice-Chancellorships were assumed. But it is agreeable to contemplate the fact that these high administrative posts are in the hands of men who are not only versed in affairs, but who can evince so practical a sympathy with English literature.

Dr. Warren in his preface regrets the fact that his official duties have prevented him from working up his collected essays, and retouching them to a still higher degree of finish. We do not wholly share the regret. Everything that has come from Dr. Warren's pen has shown a minute and elaborate literary precision, and, if anything, his danger is that of over-handling. In his poem on the death of Vergil it was impressive to note the scrupulousness with which every hint of personal tradition which exists about Vergil was woven almost imperceptibly into the structure of the poem; and the same anxious fidelity is characteristic of the volume before us. Dr. Warren has a great gift for drawing literary parallels; and ingenious and suggestive as such comparisons are in his hands, it is a process which has its perils, as it tends to emphasise a sense of similarity between two authors, which even disguises their essential differences. The parallel between Vergil and Tennyson, which forms the subject of one of the most interesting of these essays, is indeed strangely close, so close as to seem almost to confirm the possibility of the doctrine of Metempsychosis, of the setting upon the human stage the same spirit in different eras—as Dr. Warren himself indicates. And yet after all the two men were more alike in method, and superficially, than in essence and outlook. But the suggestiveness, the interest of the comparison is great, and worked out with consummate care.

The first essay, on "Sophocles and the Greek Genius", is in many ways the most original in the book; it exhibits an unusual power of penetrating and presenting the spirit of Athens at her prime, tempered by a robust restraint, which keeps the writer fully aware of the accompanying shadows of pure Hellenism. We should desire more Hellenic studies from Dr. Warren's hand, because the combination of judicious criticism with generous sympathy is a rare one, and here notably displayed. The result is a glowing and inspiring picture of a character of extraordinary simplicity and charm; yet, for all the intense sympathy with which Dr. Warren projects himself into the temperament of his heroes, he never loses hold of the sense of proportion and critical estimation.

The essay on "Dante and the Art of Poetry" is just such another. And what could be more judicious than the reminder that Dr. Warren adds: "Dante was certainly never more widely praised, probably never more highly appreciated (than at the present time); but he is in some danger of being most praised and most appreciated, not for that which he most truly desired to be, and that which he most truly is, but for the accessories and accidents rather than the essence of his work"? This is one of the strongest features in these essays, that for all their scholarly equipment, Dr. Warren never loses sight of the higher human element, never blurs his central theme by undue insistence upon detail.

One of the most interesting papers in the book, in a different vein, is that on Matthew Arnold. Dr. Warren

here shows a masterly skill in disentangling the contradictory elements of a baffling, almost disconcerting, character. What was the secret of the mask, attractive in itself, of banter and paradox, worn by that serious melancholy spirit? Which was the true man, the urbane satirist courteously proffering a reasonable faith to refractory Philistines, or the poet of smothered passion and thinly veiled despair? The psychology of this fascinating problem is admirably traced in the essay, and Dr. Warren goes as near to indicating a vital consistency of temperament as is perhaps attainable.

It is impossible here to criticise in detail the rest of the papers which compose the volume; but it must be said that they all repay careful study. The essay, for instance, on the "Art of Translation" is perhaps as complete a summary of literary opinion on the subject as exists. To use the word in the Baconian sense, the essays are all so "full" of matter that they arouse a grateful recognition of the quiet accumulation of study which each represents. The pages are never cumbered with minutiae; yet a slender allusion is again and again the result of a careful condensation of material. The details are sorted, sifted, arranged, the salient points surely touched and effectively contrasted; and yet there is never the least sense of that laboriousness which is so often the shadow of erudition. If there be a sense of something lacking, it is perhaps that one desires a touch of nature, something more fresh and unsophisticated, a sharpness of humour, even a lapse of equanimity; the mood is throughout high, serious, and amiable, never ruffled or impetuous, gliding with sails full set before an even-blowing wind. A hint of impatience at the freakishness of Browning is the nearest to disapproval that the writer comes. But after all this is a pleasing defect, a dulce vitium, if it be a defect at all.

In days of breathless impressionism, of over-stimulated emotions, it is a refreshment to come upon writing which is in the best sense learned, and which is throughout fragrant with cultivated enjoyment and generous admiration. The boo kis not one which establishes a new principle of criticism, but it strikes a new note, in that it brings back a sense of stately urbanity and academical grace which, to our loss, seems somewhat to have deserted us. No lover of literature could read the volume without having his admirations quickened and harmonised, without a renewal of the sense of the dignity and sweetness of the old traditions of art and song; and it is to be hoped that Dr. Warren may at some future time give us more of these studies, in which the results of so much patient investigation are matured and rounded into so finished a product by critical sympathy and generous appreciation.

THE KING'S MUSICK.

"The King's Musick." A Transcript of Records relating to Music and Musicians (1460-1700). Edited by Henry Cart de Lafontaine. London: Novello. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

WHATEVER different defects may have distinguished the various English monarchs of the last six centuries or so, one virtue has been common to nearly all of them, a genuine love of music. Court influence may not have been directed to encourage music; but most sovereigns until the eighteenth century employed for their private entertainment the best—or what they understood to be the best—musicians available for hire. With the arrival of the Hanoverians the attitude was changed; no longer the best, but only the best German, musicians were engaged; and nowadays few know and nobody cares who the Court musicians may be. The present Master of the Musick is an Englishman, but what has Sir Walter Parratt ever done to show that he is an artist? The Court has indeed encouraged and fed Sir Walter Parratt, but what has that to do with English music? Handel was helped—he was a German. Mendelssohn and even Wagner got

kind words—they were both Germans. And round the Court have always clustered, and still cluster, swarms of musical parasites, all Germans, whose very names are unknown outside the Court. Matters were ordered otherwise until the end of the seventeenth century. Foreigners were patronised, but not to the exclusion of Britons. Even Charles II., with all his preference for French music, as soon as he perceived Pelham Humphries and Purcell to be better men than his first favourite, Grabut, the Frenchman, gave that humbug, in the chaste phrase of Humphries, "a lift out of his place". See Pepys' Diary: Humphries threatened "the lift"—Charles administered it.

So little have musical historians thought of the Court musicians, so little did it seem worth while ransacking Court records for facts about the Court musicians, that the Rev. H. C. de Lafontaine and his colleagues in compiling this invaluable volume dug a mine and worked a vein practically unknown and untouched before. Mr. de Lafontaine tells us how the Lord Chamberlain's accounts during a period of three hundred and forty years were searched for entries referring to music or musicians, and how the different entries were again and again tested and verified. The result is a mass of information of which the existence had hardly been suspected. Up to the Restoration it consists largely of strings of names. Many great men are not mentioned because they were engaged at S. Paul's, Westminster Abbey or elsewhere; and these records deal solely with the Court and the Chapel Royal. Byrde and Tallis are barely mentioned, and simply as gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. Yet the chance glimpses into the pleasant far away past are quite enchanting. The first entry not consisting wholly of names is: "January 1525-6. It is ordered for the better administration of the Divine service that the Master of the Children of the King's Chappell, with six of the same children and six men, with some officers of the vestry, shall give their contynuall attendance in the King's court, and dailie to have a masse of Our Lady before noone and on Sondaies and Holly Daies, masse of the day besides our Lady Masse and an antempe in the afternoone". "Antempe" must be a Tudor period struggle to achieve "anthem": it is not in fact so remote as the modern word from the original "antiphon". A sort of pressgang scoured the country to recruit the choir of the Chapel Royal, a method which is happily unnecessary to-day. Sometimes choir-men, but most frequently trumpeters, deserted; and warrants were issued for their arrest. We have not heard of anything of that kind lately. Until a much later period there is frequent mention of warrants for the apprehension of unlicensed players, singers, and teachers of music. With these gentry the king's officers seem to have played much the same amusing games as our present-day gallant policemen enjoy with betting men. In 1558 the orders as to keeping the king's "virgynalls" in repair are very quaint; and in 1578 Nicholas Lanier is strangely described as "vn de lez flutes", but after changing "vn" to "unc" and "de lez" to "des" one may justifiably surmise that Mr. Lanier was a flautist. When a chairman or "gentleman of the Chapel Royal" promised to marry a lady and did not hold his word sacred the lady appealed to the Lord Chamberlain; but there is no evidence to show how he settled such matters. One Eveseed, a groom of the vestry, assaulted a man much better known to fame, Orlando Gibbons, and got into serious trouble. And when Gibbons died suddenly five years afterwards it is mentioned that he never completely recovered from the effects of his injuries.

Necessarily the whole book is a jumble of important and trifling affairs, valuable facts embedded in pages of mere barren sand. Yet after the date of the Restoration one can construct a fairly vivid and coloured picture of the musical life that flourished. After an entry January 12, 1543-4, there is a gap until 1660, when celebrated Captain Cooke is appointed "a base" in Mons. Du Vall's place; then Hingston is made tuner and repairer of the organs, etc. This Hingston

shines now by reflecting the glory of Purcell. As Mr. de Lafontaine points out, these records make it fairly clear that Purcell, before his voice broke, had been in a manner apprenticed to Hingston, and learnt to tune and generally keep in order organs, "regalls", recorders, and all wind instruments. When Hingston died in 1683, Purcell took his place and salaries, though he had then been for some three years the renowned organist of Westminster Abbey. There is a warrant empowering him to buy "wainscott", "metall"; and "wyer" and all necessary material at reasonable rates and to engage workmen. Though it is probable enough that Purcell tuned harpsichords himself—as Bach a little later used to tune every instrument in his house every morning before breakfast—we need not suppose that he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves and mended broken draw-stops and trackers. Such humble duties he could depute to the artisans he was authorised to press into his service and to pay. In looking through Purcell memoranda one comes across one of the most audacious of the many foreign charlatans who have displaced honest English musicians in this country. Louis Grabut, or Grabu, or Grebus, was high in favour with Charles II.; Dryden flatters him in one of his prefaces; M. Grabut also speaks highly of himself (Grabut) in one of his. He ousted Banister, a very thorough musician, who invented the public concert; but from the moment of Pelham Humphries' return from his studies with Lulli he declined and fell. He was let down gradually, it is true; but he was let down very low. At last, in 1677, we find him petitioning for his arrears of salary to save him from a debtor's prison. Charles apparently thought that as Grabut had humbugged him the arrears need not be paid; but paid they were, and Grabut died in peace, though so fallen. By this time Dryden had detached himself, of course, from the impostor, and attached himself to a rising star, Henry Purcell. Grabut, by the way, was not the only one who had to ask often for arrears during Charles' time. We read in Pepys of musicians starving; and here there are innumerable entries that show Pepys' gossip to be correct. James II. perhaps helped to make himself unpopular by paying up. It was a curious accident that Purcell, whom he treated well, was the composer of the melody that someone fitted to the words of "Lilliburlero" and sang James out of his dominions. It may be that James paid for the writing of the tune.

The last entry of the volume consists of "accounts ending Michaelmas 1700", and is an "account for cloth, etc., for John Reading and Anthony Young, two boys of the Chapel, who have left on account of their voices having broken". The two young gentlemen rose to no distinction in music, and perhaps they were "pressed" to begin with; but they are dismissed into darkness and oblivion with new clothes on their backs. Whether the documents preserved at the Record Office sustain their interest during later years it is for Mr. de Lafontaine to consider. One thing at least is certain: no names like those of Tallis, Byrde, Lawes, Humphries, and Purcell will be found there. For what Mr. de Lafontaine has given us concerning the later of these musicians, and, indeed, for the whole book, musical historians and English musicians ought to feel deeply grateful.

GERMAN LETTERPRESS.

"A History of German Literature." By Calvin Thomas
London: Heinemann. 1909. 6s.

IN this last volume of Mr. Heinemann's excellent series of potted literatures the author endeavours to lead us over that arid waste, dotted here and there with a few oases of varying circumference, which is known as the literature of Germany. He complains that he had to compress more than a thousand years of literary history into four hundred pages, but the fact in respect of which he really deserves commiseration is that the plan of the work compelled him to plough through a series of authors whom no one either in Germany or outside it ever reads unless his liveli-

hood depends upon it, and could not concentrate his attention on the few writers who have any real interest or importance. We would have willingly read many pages on the "Nibelungenlied" or on the "exotic romances", as Dr. Thomas christens them, and a few extra pages, perhaps, on Hans Sachs, and then our guide might have made his way straight to Lessing. For all we care, indeed, he might have left Lessing out too, but no doubt the stricter students of literature might have grumbled if he had. Dr. Thomas sees perfectly clearly, as everyone must do, that the intervening literature can only be called literature by courtesy. The only living writings are the unliterary products of the Volk, and the writers of this distressing period do not seem ever to have had any real influence on their successors, except in the mere matter of linguistic development. Modern German literature was produced by the burst of national feeling which began with the victories of Frederick the Great, coupled, rather incongruously, with a more thorough study of classical and foreign literary products. In particular the influence of English on German literature is a subject of great interest, and in a book intended for English and American readers might perhaps have been treated more substantially. Dr. Thomas, however, duly notes the visits of Elizabethan and Jacobean players to Germany, and the interesting fact that they found it necessary to mutilate and vulgarise our magnificent dramas to fit them to the taste and comprehension of the German public—a process which in more recent times Germans have been known to inflict, rightly or wrongly, upon us. He also notes the subsequent influence of Milton; later, again, of Young and Richardson, of Ossian and the Percy "Reliques", and finally of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's influence seems to us to have failed to rescue German verse drama from frequent banality even in its highest manifestations, and we should have liked to hear what Dr. Thomas had to say as to the utter heaviness and inferiority even of Schiller's best verse as compared with the plastic beauty of our Elizabethan lines. One would almost think, from some remarks of his, that, like some other critics of verse, he prefers monotonous regularity, such as that of the verse of "Don Carlos", to the infinite variety of our own dramatists.

The greater part of Dr. Thomas' work is most praiseworthy. His arrangement is clear and logical, and his judgments, which are necessarily succinct, are well considered and persuasive. Sometimes, however, we feel compelled to differ. He tries to persuade us, for instance, that Goethe's and Schiller's plays, or most of them, are goodactable dramas, but we may point out that their still keeping the stage is due largely to the great poverty of decent verse drama which exists in Germany; for one hearer at least they represent, when acted, the consummation of dreariness. Dr. Thomas even finds a good word to say for that terrible nonsense "Käthchen von Heilbronn", and goes so far as to find in it "human interest and dramatic excellence". Kleist, its author, was indeed *felix opportunitate mortis*, in that he put a bullet into his brain before he had the opportunity of seeing it on the stage. He also puts Grillparzer's *Hero* in the same class as *Juliet* and *Margaret*, an estimate with which we cannot believe that anyone who has read "*Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*" will agree. Richard Wagner is dismissed as being inseparable from his music, but surely the exact position and influence of Wagner as a dramatic poet is a matter which cannot possibly be passed over by a critic of recent German literature. The portion of the book, indeed, which deals with the most recent developments is the least satisfactory of all. The subjects contained in the last chapter either should not have been touched upon or should have been fully discussed. Nietzsche is disposed of in cavalier fashion, and of the two pages devoted to Hauptmann nearly one page is occupied by a sketch of the plot of his immature play "*Vor Sonnenaufgang*". "*Die versunkene Glocke*" is then cursorily mentioned, and that is all. No one can be content with such treatment of the most striking literary figure in contemporary Germany.

We have noticed very few mistakes, but it may be observed that the proper title of Beaujeu's ballad is not "*Li bel inconnu*" but "*Li biaux desconneus*", whence the English reproduction of it as "*Lybius Disconius*". Dr. Thomas, moreover, like Appuleius of Madaura, sometimes revels in a preciosity of diction which is a little tiresome—boulevensation, operose, lubricious, chancelry, exsufflicate, spookiness, spook drama, disillude, silescent, opinionator. Perhaps it would be better if he reserved these flowers of speech for the occasions when he "brings up" in his classroom at Columbia University or some "near-by" institution. He might safely "jump the consequences", for doubtless they would cause his hardened pupils no "worriment".

NEAR EASTERN QUESTIONS.

"Turkey in Revolution." By Charles Roden Buxton. London: Unwin. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

"Problems of the Middle East." By Angus Hamilton. London: Nash. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

"The Awakening of Turkey: a History of the Turkish Revolution." By E. F. Knight. London: Milne. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. BUXTON speaks with all the enthusiasm of a member of the Balkan Committee who has "been deeply interested in Near Eastern affairs since the Macedonian rising of 1903 and the brutal suppression which followed it", and who has visited "Turkey both before and shortly after the Revolution". As a member of the Balkan Committee he has "welcomed the new régime" and taken "active steps to make known the ideas of the Young Turks to the English public". He has had the honour of being received by the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid and the Grand Vizier, and even had the advantage of an informal interview with the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself. In so far as his work deals with the establishment of the Constitution by force of arms and the history of the events which led up to the famous Twenty-fourth of July, it is an interesting record of the observations of one who, whatever his personal opinions may be, knows the country well, but much has happened during the last few weeks to diminish the value of these observations. It is true that Mr. Buxton has mixed with others than the partisans of the Revolution, members of the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress to whom his book is dedicated "as a tribute of admiration". He gives the views of a "man of business", a shrewd observer who has emphasised the dangers of this sudden change. When he spoke, three Governments were going on, "the nominal Government, the Committee which pulls the strings behind the scenes, and the workmen who since the Revolution have begun to think themselves the Lords of Creation". This "man of business" thoroughly understood the many defects of the Turkish character as displayed in the Revolution itself, the Turks' ignorance of economics, how the necessary funds are to be obtained, the absence of all continuity in their ideas, the absorption by the Young Turks of theories during their residence abroad, their ignorance of the most elementary constitutional principles, and their distaste for giving anything approaching equality to the Greek, the Vallah, the Bulgarian or the Jew. Another representative of the dominant race, a Turkish gentleman of aristocratic birth and many accomplishments, is also quoted. To him the Committee were becoming a tyranny; they were interfering too much with the Government; there was no good in having responsible Ministers if they were not their own masters. They were only keeping the Sultan in his place in order that they might keep themselves in power; they were not liberal; they did not understand the ideas of the West, and they had not tried to put these ideas into practice any more than they could help. "The Christian races are an element of vital importance to our country", and he agrees in this respect with the "man of business"; "yet", he adds, "they have hardly put a

single Christian into any official position, though many changes have been made. . . . The Committee talks about the Ottoman idea; in reality it is pro-Turk". This forecast loses, however, much of its value when its author proceeds to prophesy a great future for the "Union Libérale", which Mr. Knight accuses of having fomented the counter-revolution by "working hand in hand with reactionaries and fanatics".

The great weakness of the British Liberal is his inherent belief that those constitutional principles which have been the slow growth of centuries in England can blossom all at once in a country which has had no experience of representative institutions, whose natives gather their inspiration from the works of abstract thinkers, and who imagine that because they can quote these works verbatim with the greatest fluency they have therefore solved the riddle of popular government. Prince Metternich used often to say "You cannot give a Constitution. It is the growth of centuries"; and this axiom has been proved ad nauseam by the failure of Latin and Oriental nations to apply the parliamentary principle. It degenerates either into the corrupt oligarchy of the préfet, sous-préfet and délégué, as in France, or into a military despotism which is forced to overawe the populace by summarily executing its political opponents and by suppressing all liberty of the press, as now in Constantinople.

Mr. Angus Hamilton does not devote much space to the Young Turks party, and the value of the first chapter suffers also from its publication before the violent substitution of Hilmi Pacha for the Grand Vizier Kiamil gave the first shock to the enthusiasm of Liberal Europe. He bases much of his confidence in the future on the co-operation of such men as Mr. R. F. Crauford at the Customs, of Rear-Admiral E. H. Gamble at the Admiralty, and of Sir Ernest Cassel at the Ottoman National Bank; but even now it would be premature to forecast anything when a military revolution, with a weak Sultan who has passed the last thirty years of his life in seclusion, is only able to maintain its authority in Constantinople by the adoption of extreme methods. Mr. Hamilton shows much greater insight when he points out the weakness of British policy in the Middle East, in Persia, in Asiatic Turkey, in Chinese Turkestan, in Tibet, and in Afghanistan. We have allowed the control of the Baghdad railway to fall into the hands of Germany, but nothing need now "prevent the separation of the various interests and the apportionment of particular spheres of activity and interest between German, French, and English capital". He therefore suggests that German interests could have West and Central Asia Minor for their sphere, whilst the province of Baghdad, including Mesopotamia, would become the British and Syria the French spheres of interest. In that case the Imperial Government might either establish a sinking fund for the construction of the railway or guarantee the interest if it became a private undertaking. This would relieve England of all anxiety that arises from the presence of Germany on the Persian Gulf, as all rights and the control of the inland waterways would revert to Great Britain. In discussing Persia Mr. Hamilton strongly condemns the allocation of an unnecessarily generous zone to Russia in the agreement of 1907; for not only do we sacrifice many of our markets which will be closed to us by the imposition of a rigidly protectionist tariff, but the sphere which is allotted to us is arid and of comparatively small commercial possibilities. He therefore regrets that the line which separates the two spheres was not drawn from Scistan in the east to the north of Yezd and Ispahan on to the valley of the Karun River in the west, for at least two millions of English capital have been invested in the region surrounding the Karun River. As it is, all we can do is to make the best of the sphere allotted to us, and to achieve this end some sort of permanent communication must be established between Bunder Amas and Kerman, a road that may in course of time be extended as far as Birjand. In the meantime Germany has been establishing the German Orient Bank at Teheran, and has demanded an extension of powers which will, it is hoped, eventually lead to other branches throughout the kingdom. Germans also hope in time

to secure the tripartite division of Persia, under which Germany will obtain the south-western area as its sphere of influence. It is not, however, so easy to forecast the future of Persia owing to the Shah's vacillation between the Nationalists and the Court party. Discussing the Hedjaz railway Mr. Hamilton opportunely emphasises the immense service the Indian Government might render its Moslem subjects by building the stage between Jiddah on the Red Sea and Mecca, a master-stroke of policy which would exercise an undying influence throughout the whole Mohammedan world.

It is a pity that this book, to which we have not space to do full justice, suffers from the weakness we mentioned just now of advocating constitutional government for countries unsuited to it.

Mr. E. F. Knight, in his "Awakening of Turkey", says all that an extreme partisan could to justify everything that the revolutionary party has done to establish the military despotism which has taken the place of the rule of the Sultan Abdul Hamid. His knowledge, which was originally acquired by a walking tour "through Northern Albania and other parts of European Turkey some thirty years ago", and has since then been supplemented by subsequent visits, has not saved his work from glaring inconsistencies. Thus on page 55 he paints a lurid picture of the pitiable condition of the army under the ex-Sultan: "They never received their full rations . . . ill-clothed even when guarding the frontier through the hard Balkan winters . . . often in rags and tatters . . . their small pay was always in arrears; they were untrained and undisciplined, a pitiful waste of the finest military material in Europe"; whilst on page 343 he says: "The Turkish Army has profited much by the splendid training of Baron von der Goltz and the German officers under him, and has become a fighting machine which will be able to give a very good account of itself if the enemies of Turkey venture to attack her". His anxiety to justify the Young Turks, especially when their greatest admirers were compelled to admit they were hopelessly in the wrong, shows itself everywhere, but especially when he upholds their arbitrary dismissal of Kiamil Pasha in February last on the flimsy pretext that "the aged statesman had been misled by the plausible enemies of Turkish liberties

(Continued on page 728.)

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and was being duped by reactionaries". He is also in total disagreement with such a friend of the Revolution as Mr. C. R. Buxton when he attacks the Liberal Union, whose original crime was their anxiety to extend the principles of constitutional liberty to Christians as well as to Moslems. There is, however, some value in Mr. Knight's description of the secret society which with the co-operation of local Freemasonry fomented the Revolution by means of assassinations which Mr. Knight gladly justifies as necessary to its work.

NOVELS.

"Elizabeth Visits America." By Elinor Glyn. London: Duckworth. 1909. 6s.

After Mr. Wells and Mr. Henry James here is Elizabeth, with a picture of America which, if it lacks the philosophy of the one and the artistry of the other, will probably supply an illumination for many who would find more reasoned criticism intellectually inaccessible. The book is a combination of diary, guide-book, and novel, a sort of second-hand sentimental journey, Elizabeth's matrimonial vicissitudes supplying a background to her visit. That is only a matter, and really an unnecessary matter, of form, to bring the volume into the category of romance. One does not care twopence whether Harry Marquis of Valmond does or does not rejoin his wife in Osages, or anywhere else, and Elizabeth's personality is chiefly interesting in informing our speculations how far she represents the author. The Marchioness of Valmond deplores American snobbishness in social distinctions which she fails to understand; her own snobbishness in feeling so delightfully superior to theirs humorously eludes her, and seems also to elude Mrs. Glyn. All self-consciousness of being the salt of the earth looks alike to the earth though it may not to the salt-box, and Elizabeth's calm reliance on a superiority which is superior to demonstration is as amusing as are the uneasy attempts at social assertion which move her to a pitying mirth. Not that she adopts throughout an attitude of the superior Briton. She can even admire American crudity of manners as evidence of vital self-assertive youth, and she considers it greatly to the credit of American women that they remain so nice in spite of the amorous impossibility of their men. On that subject her regrets and deductions will amuse some who know their New York, and prove how wary an attractive woman should be of such conclusions in a new climate. Though she often puts lightly what others have put heavily, the only touch in the book which reads like a personal impression is her wonder at the absence in America of the single man, though she refers to the simplicity of divorce there what is merely characteristic of a new country. For the ease and propriety with which an American woman can contrive to live with half a dozen men she has sincere admiration, though the absence of all the attraction and even the possibility of misbehaviour seems to her to rob married life of its last illusion, and Mormonism she considers ridiculous in a country which allows men and women as many mates as they please if they will only be reasonable enough to have them in alternation. The letters would have savoured more of reality if there had been less of "Mamma", since every reference to her parent seems to spur Elizabeth to pretensions of innocence which are absurd enough to infect the relation of her experience. In six years' time, when she is thirty, and has outgrown the desire to write as if she were sixteen, her epistolary comments ought to be still more entertaining. They would have been that even in the present volume had they been content to be what they are and not to seem what they are not. There is not enough "story" in the scheme to carry our interest, but just enough to hurry it. As a consequence, in spite of Elizabeth's English, which makes footmen powder their silk stockings, and the vivacity of her comment, one is glad when Harry's hurried reappearance from Africa puts an end to her visit.

"A Forsaken Garden." By Jessie Ainsworth Davis. London: Long. 1909. 6s.

He would not wait for his sweetheart, who was an only daughter nursing a father unconscionably long a-dying, and was led into a loveless marriage with somebody else. Afterwards the forsaken one entered a convent in France, and took the final vows. Then the young man's little girl, whose mother had died, was sent to the convent school, and came under the care of this very nun; and the child falling ill the lovers met once more. It is all very simple and sentimental, with a moral more admirable than the primitive machinery which is employed to point it.

"Queen Kate." By Charles Garvice. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 6s.

A mild and harmless melodrama built on familiar lines. The nice people in it are nearly all connected with the aristocracy, and both the villains are foreigners. The happy ending might very well have happened not long after the beginning of the book, but of course, having regard to Acts III. and IV., that would never have done.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"On the Tracks of Life." Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy. Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. London: Lane. 1909.

M. Sera is a sophist of the school of Nietzsche, and its philosophy, as those who know anything about it at all, consists in reversing all the accepted principles of ethics and religion. Its most genial attitude towards morality and religion is a recognition of their necessity or usefulness historically in the infancy of the human mind and the race. Now we are arriving at a new standpoint when, to quote the sub-title of this book, we can speak with polite insolence of the "immorality of morality." There is much in this book over which we might naively wax angry, but at which a little common-sense and sense of humour will rather make us smile. For example, when we come across this very superior apology for religion and morals against the charge of being "the principal obstacles of love". These accusers, M. Sera tells us, "forget that the suggestion of the possibility of relinquishing religion and morals is really due to the fact that we have become intimately (which is equivalent to saying really) religious and moral". This is the vein of paradox that runs throughout the book. The decadence of civilisation is traced to the humanising processes by which man casts off animalism, and this is the course which our present civilisation is taking. If it is to be saved it will be by a constant return to primitive animalism. The saviours of society are the "supermen", the "aristocrats", who take egoism as the rule of life and despise the servile virtues of ordinary men. According to Dr. Oscar Levy there are cosmopolitan bands of this mystic brotherhood rising in our efforts civilisation, and M. Sera's book is a notable contribution to the literature of these inner circles. We congratulate Dr. Oscar Levy on having in his preface made himself (particularly himself), these circles, M. Sera and his book unredemably ridiculous.

"Walks in Paris." By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allinson. London: Methuen. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

This book, we should say, almost reaches the ideal of the art of writing about the old buildings and historical associations of a city such as Paris or London. We suppose it needed the graceful, light touch of a Frenchman to turn out the model for the writing of all books on similar subjects. If it were not rather heavy it would be as near perfection as anything of the sort could be. The heaviness is no doubt due to the necessity for reproducing the many photographs of old plates. There is nothing in it of dull archaeological stuff of no human interest lugged in for the sake of padding. Everything is bright, vivid, gay, emotional, or humorous. M. Cain, who is the Curator of the "Musée Carnavalet", tells how he was led to write his book. One day he watched a band of English visitors making ready to invade the Panthéon. The showman who acted as guide hurriedly muttered a few explanatory words: "Soufflot . . . 1791 . . . Voltaire . . . Marat . . . Victor Hugo"; then the dishevelled band plunged into the solemn silence of the interior. "I could not help thinking how amusing it would be to take the fellow's place where he stood stringing together commonplaces, and do the honours properly and pleasantly of these old quarters of the city so full of memories to my fascinating Parisian friends who complained so feelingly of knowing nothing of the history of this beautiful city, of which they are her greatest charm."

(Continued on page 730.)



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Not only these Parisian ladies of whom M. Cain thus speaks are indebted to him, but Englishmen, for a book on Paris which M. Cain's friend, Victorien Sardou, so great a lover of Paris, would have read eagerly.

"The Navy Annual." Edited by T. A. Brassey. London: Griffin. 12s. 6d. net.

We are sorry Lord Brassey lends the weight of his authority to explain away the two-Power standard; we believe him too shrewd to think Canada, Australia, the United States, and Japan can be isolated in watertight compartments, and the rant about "statesman-like and soul-stirring speeches" of Yankee admirals rings insincere. The utility of the new tables in the Annual giving total naval expenditure and outlay on new construction for the principal sea Powers is apparent rather than real; the chapter on dockyard administration, for which Admiral Henderson and Mr. Russell are jointly responsible, shows well how figures can become traps for persons unacquainted with the practical working of a yard—and different yards, different ways. In the hands of Mr. Richardson the subject of marine propulsion grows almost attractive, and it is not his fault if the paper on alternative systems of propelling machinery find fewer readers than the contribution concerning German naval expansion from Mr. Leyland; this is, of course, a sure draw. Commander Robinson has again dealt with armour and ordnance with a success justifying the extra space allotted to him. The editor hints it has been hard work to keep abreast of his intelligence department, but that has not prevented him from making one great improvement: for the first time particulars of ships have been placed underneath the plans in Part II.

Under the title of "Pearls and Parasites" (7s. 6d. net) Mr. Murray publishes a collection of articles, most of which were originally written for the "Quarterly Review", by Mr. Arthur E. Shipley. The characteristics of the first mark all these articles. They are on topics of broad scientific interest readable by non-experts, and discussing many questions of practical importance. Thus we may mention the article on "Zebras, Horses, and Hybrids", which all breeders or lovers of animals will read with curiosity. A connected series of essays are those on "Malaria", "The Infinite Torment of Flies", and "The Danger of Flies", a fascinating blend of entomology and etiology, of anthropology and politics. "The Depths of the Sea" and "British Sea Fisheries" deal with another order of animal life and human

activity not less attractive; and to these we may add the essay on "Pasteur", and that on "Cambridge", which considers the position of the University as a centre of scientific teaching and the straitened pecuniary resources at her disposal for doing her work.

"The Story of Majorca and Minorca." By Sir Clements Markham. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

Minorca is much more familiar to English readers than Majorca, thanks to its association with the disgrace and tragedy of Admiral Byng. Both have a history of considerable interest, and Sir Clements Markham has delved into the records with results which he sets forth simply and unpretentiously. His volume will be useful to the many visitors to these romantic islands, and particularly to the student of Mediterranean history. He claims that it fills a gap. That part of his story which relates to Minorca will naturally be more read by the average Briton. The island was handed back to Spain after the Peace of Amiens in 1802, and even the Minorcans, if Sir Clements Markham be a true witness, look back regretfully to the stirring, happy and prosperous times when it was under the Union Jack.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Juin.

M. Ollivier continues his most interesting series of articles on the diplomatic events preceding the outbreak of the war of 1870. No one doubts now, or has doubted since the publication of his own Memoirs, that Bismarck engineered the war, and at the same time managed to put France in the wrong in the eyes of Europe. It was, perhaps, not possible for the French Ministry to have avoided war after the "smack in the face" administered by Bismarck to France by his publication of the doctored Ems telegram, but it was only by successive blunders on the part of the French authorities that he was in a position to do this. For a man of eighty-four, M. Ollivier has performed a great feat in producing these brilliant and engrossing papers. Any statesman may make blunders, especially one who has to defend his policy before an excited popular assembly, and posterity may forgive him the disastrous phrase of the "light heart", but, making all allowance for natural indignation at the attacks to which he has been subjected, to compare himself to Prometheus Vincetus is going a little too far!

For this Week's Books see page 732.

"GRANDE CHARTREUSE."

NOTICE.

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On the 11th day of DECEMBER, 1907,

IN AN ACTION OF

REY and OTHERS on behalf of themselves and all other Members of THE CARTHUSIAN ORDER and OTHERS,

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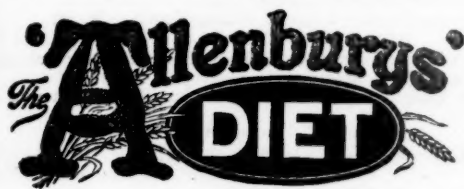
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THE ONLY WAY TO FREE THE SYSTEM FROM URIC ACID.

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This fact—that no one feels freer from gout than one who has just got over an attack—is responsible for the chronic stages being reached by such a number of gouty subjects—for, no matter how free from gout one may feel, if one has the gouty tendency—and one needs no further proof of this than even a slight attack of gout—one will be subject to these attacks at intervals, and each succeeding attack will be more severe than the one before it, because the gouty habit, as it is called, will have gained a stronger hold.

Now, once the gouty habit has laid hold upon the system, it is imperative, if all forms of gout are to be avoided, that means be taken to neutralise the uric acid as fast as it forms, to get it out of the system before it can do harm, and that such uric acid and compounds thereof as may be in the muscles, tissues, organs, joints, or blood be eliminated therefrom.

Misleading Gouty Signs.

The important point is to be able to recognise the indications of the increasing accumulations of uric acid in the system, since some of the early signs are so very vague that in this misleading disguise uric acid is allowed to gain firm hold upon the system. In many cases the first symptoms of the growing impregnation of the body by uric acid are acidity, heartburn, flatulence, and a sluggish liver. These digestive symptoms, however, may not always be present, and, in fact, in some of the most gouty systems they are entirely absent. Their place is often taken by irritation and burning on the skin with or without redness and by the formation of small lumps, consisting of uratic concretions, near the joints, on the eyelids, or on the outer rim of the ear. Other early signs that uric acid is being retained in the system are those sharp, transient pains which dart through muscles and joints, especially when the sufferer has sustained a slight injury, has over-exerted himself, or been exposed to cold and damp. Another sign is dull, persistent aching and stiffness of muscles and joints.

Bishop's Varalettes represent the gouty person's only chance of freedom from the effects of uric acid. They are not only imperative for the prevention of all gouty complaints, but are the only known means of rationally overcoming the pain, swelling, inflammation, suffering, and general ill-health which are characteristic of gouty complaints when these have been allowed to gain a hold upon the system.

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